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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 22, 1975, 50 cents

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The Roots of Involvement

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Alice in Blunderland—*TRB*

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TRB

from Washington
March 22, 1975

Alice in Blunderland

President Ford went before a joint session of Congress five months ago and asked a five billion dollar tax hike. It seems unbelievable today that in the face of a gathering recession a President would ask for higher taxes. Of course he read the barometer wrong.

One week later (Oct. 15) he went to Kansas City and announced that he had asked every governor "to form WIN committees" at all levels "to help him lick inflation." "A great citizens' mobilization is beginning to roll," he said. Let's reduce waste: "Clean up your plate before you get up from the table."

Later the administration tried to cut back food stamps, possibly with the thought that with less food on the plate it would be easier to clean it up.

We doubt if any President has ever got so demonstrably bad economic advice that has been exposed as such in so short a time. Poor old Herbert Hoover was his own economist and dug his own pit; Gerald Ford, somehow, still seems like innocent Alice, surrounded by Red Queens, Tweedledums and Mad Hatters in an economic Wonderland.

On NBC's "Meet the Press" recently, the irrepressible Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Daily News* asked Donald Rumsfeld, the President's chief of staff, "Does the President still retain full confidence in his economic advisers?" Taken aback, Rumsfeld answered "Yes," and Lisagor replied with a monosyllable that seemed more like an editorial comment than a query, "Why?"

There was some hope that Mr. Ford would shake loose from his one-track advisers when he called his mini-summit conference last September. He presided over it himself in the red-carpeted grand ballroom of the Washington Hilton Hotel, so vast that the reporters used closed-circuit TV sets to see the speakers. To the President's credit he exposed himself to some economic critics. But their message didn't get through.

"Five million workers are already without jobs," warned Speaker Carl Albert (it is 7.5 million today); the summit conference "has had little congressional input" he complained, and the Democratic majority in Congress rejects "the old time religion, tight money, fiscal stringency and cutbacks in social programs." Sen. Mike Mansfield followed this up—about the summit conference he said: "I must state in all candor that I am not too optimistic about the results," not with all the talk about "tight money" and a "tight budget." The White House never heard them however; for it, there was just one dragon, "Public Enemy Number One—Inflation."

Rumsfeld defends the advice Mr. Ford is getting. "Now have these economic advisers proven wrong at this point?" he asked rhetorically on television. "No, they have not," he answered himself. "The President had an economic summit meeting. He took the centerpiece of that advice. The circumstances in the economy shifted and there was a rather dramatic dropoff. But it was not predicted, not . . . by the best brains in the country."

This is just nonsense. It is particularly discouraging because if any President ever was made a fool of by the group of pundits around him it is Mr. Ford. They are bemired in tepid orthodoxy. For contrast *Time* magazine has a stable of economists that it consults periodically, and it presented their findings in its predated issue of October 21 not long after the President addressed the joint session, October 8.

"All but one of the nine board members agreed without doubt that the nation is in a recession," *Time* said, "with little hope for recovery before late next year." (Hold-out Beryl Sprinkel of Harris Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, thought the recession hadn't quite arrived but would come in 1975.) They wanted strong counteraction.

It is dangerous when a President is insulated from reality, or seems to be, for it casts doubt on his judgment all down the line. Mr. Ford is open, well meaning and tries hard. The nation loses when he looks silly.

Treasury Secretary William Simon is close to Mr. Ford. Simon declared, October 24, that inflation, not recession, was the economic threat and that stimulants "would intensify rather than solve our problems." The proposed $15 billion surtax, he said, was "the supreme test of our will to fight inflation." Mr. Ford, of course, has long since abandoned his surtax and wants a $16 billion tax cut. Simon is still around; still giving advice.

What with the President's constant attacks on Congress, and his own diminished prestige, the danger is that Congress will say, "To hell with it," and really start to cut taxes. As a matter of fact Leon Keyserling, who headed Truman's Council of Economic Advisers with considerable success, from 1950 to 1953, recommends federal stimulus of about $40 billion. Hubert Humphrey last week proposed $30 billion. Such sums are large; one gropes for parallels. In 1964, with unemployment at 5.2 percent, Congress passed a tax cut that was two percent of that year's gross national product. With unemployment at 8.2 percent and output enormously expanded today ($1.5 trillion) the Humphrey tax cut would be only 2.1 percent of the total US production, about the 1964 ratio.

Misnomer

Note: Last week we noted the near-completion on Pennsylvania Avenue (Wash., DC) of the big new FBI structure tentatively named for J. Edgar Hoover. It is the largest building on America's "ceremonial mile" between White House and Capitol. After four years of construction it is coming along nicely for dedication during the Bicentennial. It will take its place with the "Monument" and the "Memorial" among Washington's famous named structures. According to retired FBI agents, quoted last week by Nicholas Horrock of the *NY Times*, Hoover had "unsavory" tape recordings from an electronic room bug of FBI-critic Martin Luther King, Jr., sent anonymously to Coretta King as part of a five-year FBI harassment program. The Kings listened to the tape and decided there was nothing discreditable in it. The Nobel prize winner was assassinated in 1968. If the building really is dedicated to J. Edgar Hoover, one wonders what it will say after dark to the Jefferson Memorial?

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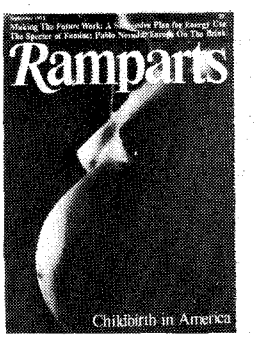

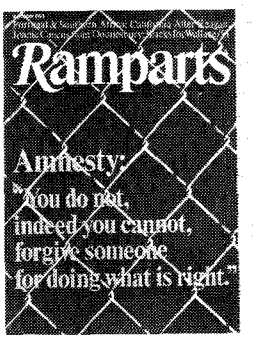

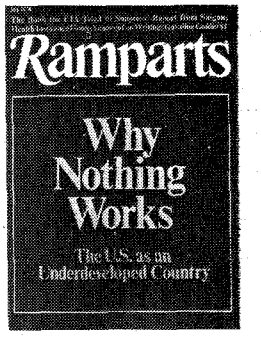

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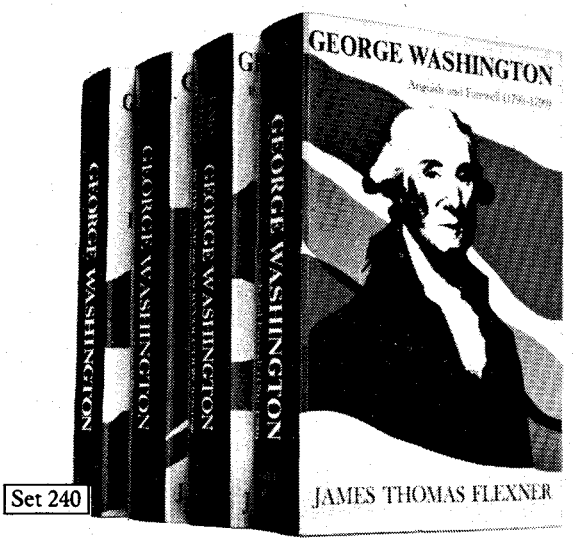

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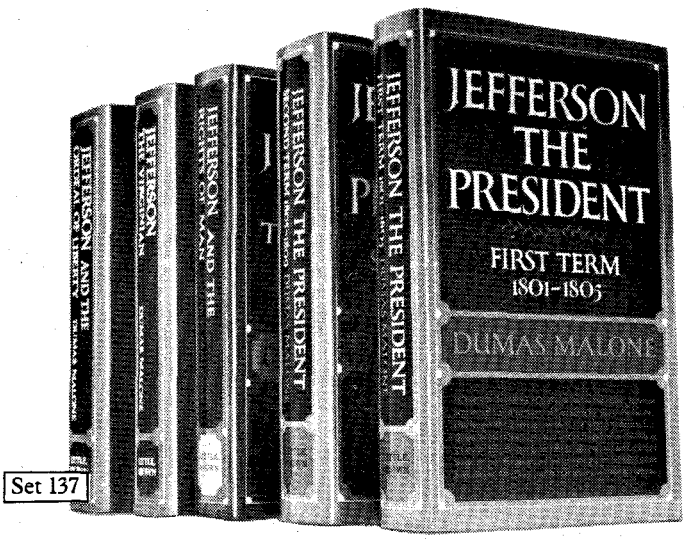

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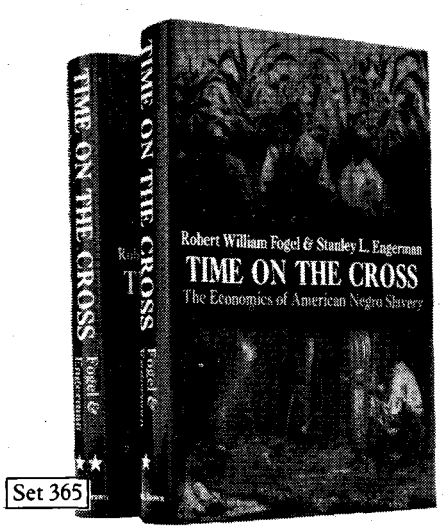

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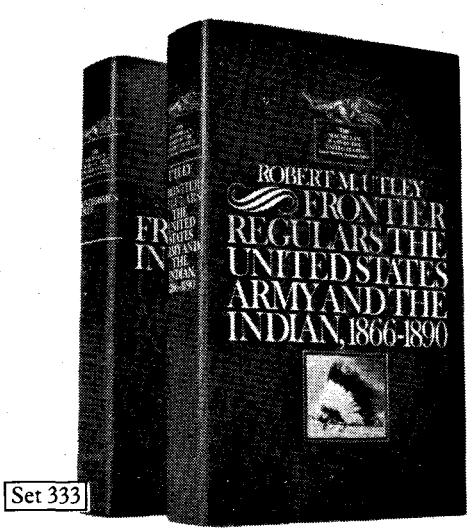

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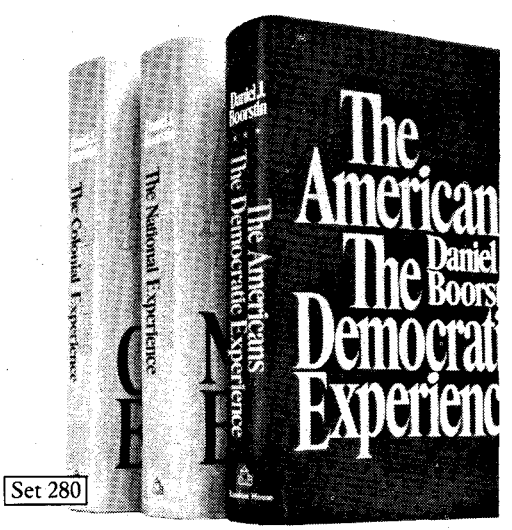

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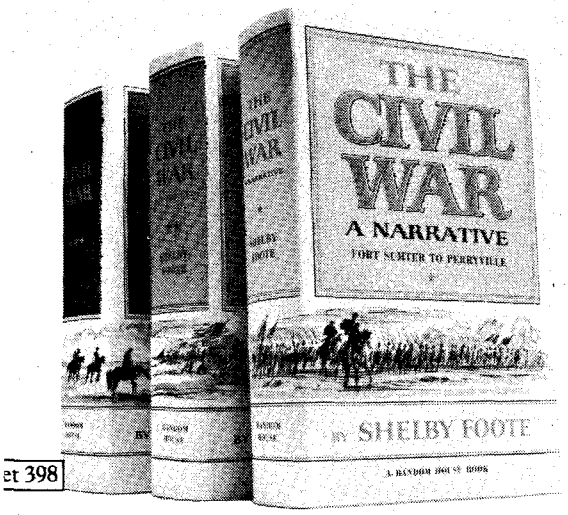

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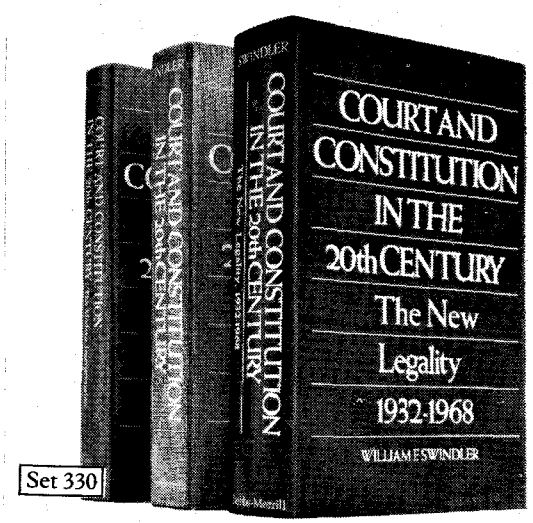

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Unchain The Beast?

The major oil companies are unhappy about the way their business has come under the control of federal regulators, and they would like to be set free once again to buy and sell, raise and lower prices, trade and swap supplies as they please. In their campaign for liberation they have lobbied, pressured and sued the government, and they've spent millions of dollars to advertise their point of view. They want the bureaucrats to get off their back. One person they've won to their side is President Ford. The theme of the strange and complex energy plan he put together early this year is that oil and gas producers shouldn't have to ask bureaucrats in Washington for permission to do what they want to do. In particular Ford would like to abolish the despised Petroleum Allocation Act. This law, pushed through Congress during the oil embargo despite strong protests from the White House, forces the government to spread oil shortages evenly over geographic areas and balance the cost between small and large companies. To carry out the law, the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) must set prices for domestic crude oil, divvy up shares of foreign and domestic supplies so that no company gets too much of either, and compensate the users of expensive oil with money taken from users of cheap oil. It's too complicated to describe here, but essentially the system freezes the structure of the petroleum business as it was in 1972 and forces big corporations to share their advantages with the small. Naturally the big ones resent it. Gulf, Exxon and others have sued the government claiming that they are being illegally deprived of their property. Up to this time the courts have ruled against them. In addition to making their lives miserable, the oilmen say, the allocation act has burdened them with paperwork and added new costs to the business of producing oil. Shell, for example, says that complying with federal rules has raised the price of gasoline about three cents a gallon, and Gulf says it spends between two and three million dollars a year filling out FEA forms.

Recently *The Wall Street Journal* joined the chorus in an editorial calling for "An End to FEA." The editorialist lamented the fact that the agency is run by Frank Zarb, "one of the most coldly efficient bureaucrats in Washington." The writer thought a flexible politician would have been better suited for the job, someone who knew how to "incline to pressures from valid competing interests." When bureauc-

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racy is "weak and ineffective," the *Journal* said, "industry can make things work by sliding around regulation and controls, staying a few steps ahead of the bureaucrats. But FEA has power and determination. . . ." So Zarb's offense is that he does his job too well, at least as Congress meant him to do it. Because he won't bend the law to suit the industry, the argument goes, the law should be eliminated. Though it's not usually put in these terms, that's just what President Ford wants Congress to do. He would remove the chains of price control and turn the energy giants loose to go on the prowl again—a state of nature the President fondly calls the "free market."

This urgent campaign to decontrol oil ignores some tough questions that have come up in the year since the embargo. For example people wonder why Arab oil that costs only 15 cents a barrel to produce sells on the President's "free market" for $11 a barrel. Why does American oil that a couple of years ago sold for three or four dollars a barrel sell for as much as $11 a barrel today? The cost of producing it hasn't gone up that much. John Lamont, a Washington attorney who watched the oil companies for many years for the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department and for the Federal Trade Commission, believes that Ford's proposal to end price controls is akin to suggesting that we blow up Boulder Dam. Lifting controls, Lamont says, would "literally wipe out large segments on the fringes of the oil industry—they would disappear without a trace." He thinks that the fringe companies, independent refiners and marketers, are more vulnerable to attack from the majors now than they were a year ago when the federal controls were passed.

Congressmen who are serious about making oil competitive don't tinker with pricing mechanisms but attack the market structure directly. As Sen. Frank Church has said many times, the reform should begin at the international level with the creation of a federal auction house to buy oil from abroad and sell it back on an open market to the highest bidders in the US. This would permanently end the special trade agreements between the major oil companies and the OPEC nations. A similar clearinghouse should be established for domestic oil so that owners of major oilfields won't be able to manipulate the price of crude as they have in the past. At the same time, the government ought to exercise more direct control over the pipelines, buying them perhaps, so that even small competitors will have easy access to transportation. If all this were to happen we'd be glad to see FEA die.

NEXT WEEK: Richard N. Cooper discusses the likelihood of a serious Depression

Endangered Embassies

High-Risk Diplomacy

An elderly American, wrapped in a grisly, hand-daubed flag marked "Muerte" (Death) lies murdered on a road outside the violence-wracked Argentine city of Cordoba. John Patrick Egan, 62, a retired American businessman who served his country as honorary consul for the princely stipend of $1200 a year becomes the latest in a growing number of American diplomats abroad who, in recent years, have become victims of political fanatics.

High State Department officials worried a year ago about Egan's isolation in an Argentina torn by violence. Some suggested closing down the semi-official consulate but Egan said it would make little difference. He would live out his life in Cordoba, he told them; and even if they took the plaque down everybody would still know him as "el Cónsul Americano."

So they left him as he wanted to be left, trusting in the Argentine guards assigned to protect him. But they were removed a few weeks ago without notice and so Egan died. And now US Ambassador Robert C. Hill—a forceful and vigorous man—intends to find out from the Argentine government, why?

It was in 1965 that the State Department began seriously worrying about the safety of its ambassadors and mission chiefs, principally in the Southeast Asian war zones. In 1968 came the murder of US Ambassador John Gordon Mein, in Guatemala, and the emphasis shifted to Latin America. In the early '70s, with the rise of Middle East fanaticism, it became clear that this was a global—not a regional—problem.

Since 1965 13 American diplomats (State, AID, Pentagon, etc.) have been assassinated; 12 have been wounded; 20 kidnapped and later released. In Latin America alone, seven Americans serving the government overseas have died at the hands of politically motivated criminals, five have been wounded, 10, after being kidnapped, are still alive. All over the world diplomats are becoming an easy mark.

How easy it is to pistol-whip some middle-aged fellow; race him away in a U-Haul van; stuff him, blindfolded and drugged, into a cellar; and demand the release of "political prisoners."

The problem has preoccupied Dr. Kissinger (himself closely guarded by the Secret Service) and his top aides. Last summer L. Dean Brown, then deputy undersecretary for management, won from John J. Rooney, Wayne L. Hays and their congressional associates, $15 million to beef up security at the 140 or more overseas missions. The bulk of the money went to about 24 "high-risk" posts: Saigon, Pnompenh, Beirut, Nicosia, Montevideo, Mexico City and Buenos Aires among them.

Take Buenos Aires. Some 50 years ago it was the "Paris of Latin America"; a gracious fin de siècle city

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where three opera houses played simultaneously to packed houses. Today it is still gracious, still handsome, as befits a dowager; but its underclothes are tattered and, despite the bustle in the streets, there is a murderous undertone.

At least 50 persons have died by assassins' bullets in Argentina so far this year—many in Buenos Aires—and as in early Hitler's Germany the struggle escalates between the "death squads" of the left and right.

Foreign ambassadors are prime targets in this sanguinary madness—and not solely the US ambassador: the British, West German and Israeli ambassadors, among others, also are guarded around the clock.

Seven days a week US embassy security officer George Beckett, three civilian assistants and 14 marine embassy guards protect the life of Ambassador Hill, his family and senior assistants. In addition the Argentine government has assigned more than 40 plainclothesmen for protective duty. When Hill's wife, Cecilia, her children or her houseguests use the swimming pool on the residence grounds, at least two Argentine guards are in the surrounding shrubbery. The Hills, like other American diplomatic families in high-risk posts, accept these confinements as their duty.

Hill himself drives between his official residence and his chancery office in downtown Buenos Aires, preceded and followed by Argentine police cars carrying eight armed men. He and his family go nowhere without close coordination with the Argentine government.

A month or so ago Hill sent his embassy limousine to bring friends from a visiting cruise ship to lunch. Driving through the city's parks, the chauffeur stayed in constant contact with the embassy message center by radio-telephone. As the vehicle approached the residence, the iron gates were swung back by two burly men; two more—Argentine detectives—stood near Hill on the steps as he emerged to greet his guests. "How many guards did you see as you drove in?" Hill inquired. "Four? Great! There were at least a dozen more you didn't see—and that's the way we want it!"

Normally a government is responsible for the protection of diplomats accredited to it; two Vienna conventions lay out the rules. But sometimes an unsophisticated government in Africa or Asia will provide "guards" for the protection of the US mission so unkempt, undernourished or ill-trained as to be virtually worthless. Then the US itself will help feed, clothe, train and pay them. Even with relatively sophisticated Argentine detectives on hand, for instance, the yearly cost of protecting Hill, his family and top staff exceeds $800,000.

Buenos Aires, as I've said, is not the only high-risk post. A few years ago Ambassador Douglas MacArthur, II, evaded two close kidnapping attempts by "leftists" in Teheran. Dean Brown, when envoy in Jordan, helped frustrate a Fedayeen plan in early 1973 to set up a katusha rocket in a boarding house near the embassy, train it on the embassy snack bar, and fire it once it was filled with junior officers and secretaries.

Two years ago Thomas Enders, then chargé d'affaires in Pnompenh and now Assistant Secretary of State for economics, narrowly escaped death when a grenade thrown by a passing cyclist exploded near his official limousine. The heavy armor saved his life although a bomb fragment severed a gasoline line and the car blazed. It taught the State Department security experts a lesson.

Ever since the special armored cars bought for high-risk posts abroad now carry at least 800 pounds more special bullet-proofing. The engines are specially geared for fast getaways and the gas tanks, radiators and batteries now have extra protection.

The special limousine assigned Hill in Buenos Aires costs the US taxpayer more than $50,000. Each tire weighs 150 pounds. The windows are two inches thick, as is the steel of the body. On the dashboard is a special switch that can envelop the car in foam in seconds in the event of a bomb or grenade attack.

Beside the chauffeur sits a karate-trained US marine guard and once seated in the back, Hill—or other envoys in high-risk posts—are automatically locked in. No guerrillas blocking the car by a faked accident, for instance, could fling back the doors and get at the ambassador.

Victor H. Dikeos, the State Department's security chief and his assistant, Kenneth W. Knauf, have under their direction some 80 officers in at least 60 posts around the world. Some are experts in closed circuit television or electronics; others are men recruited from various police forces, from military security and intelligence agencies or directly from campuses. Their pay ranges from $12,000 to $36,000 yearly and it takes five to six years before a man is ready to direct security at a high-risk US embassy.

Dikeos' office has begun recruiting women. There are four now, including Mary McAteer who guards Mrs. Kissinger on trips. In security work intelligence information is requisite so that liaison with the CIA, FBI, Secret Service, Interpol and foreign intelligence services is vital.

If Dikeos or one of his men hear, for instance, that the Swiss consulate in Beirut has reported the loss of passport blanks, security is tightened. The immediate suspicion is that the PFLP, or another Fedayeen group, may be plotting to infiltrate an agent into the US with false Swiss travel documents.

It is a curious irony that the one region on earth where US diplomats now feel—and are—perfectly safe is Communist Eastern Europe. The only American ambassador to whom no bodyguard is provided is Walt Stoessel, our man in Moscow.

Benjamin Welles

Benjamin Welles is the former diplomatic correspondent of *The New York Times*.

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White House Watch

Ford and Rocky

This report on how the President and his assistants dealt with a couple of their problems in late February and early March continues an effort to convey some notion of how the Ford presidency is developing in its eighth month.

The assistant principally considered here, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, presumably won't mind being identified in that way. He professes to regard himself and to want others to regard him as nothing more and nothing less than a loyal assistant to President Ford. On a plane flying back to Washington from Detroit the other night, and at a press conference the next day in New York, reporters irritated him with questions assuming that he still hopes to be President and has thoughts of standing for the Republican nomination next year or in 1980. Understandably enough, since he's 66, the reference to 1980 particularly annoyed him. He brought hundreds of letters and telegrams from outraged moralists upon himself by saying on the plane, into a network microphone, that "I don't think anyone gives a good God damn, if you'll forgive me, about 1980 politics." All he was doing and wanted to do, he said, was "help the President" solve "the problems we face today."

One of the President's other assistants took the Vice President literally, in a rather wry fashion, in the course of discussing Mr. Ford's unprecedented grant of full authority over the Domestic Council staff to Rockefeller. Two of the Vice President's chief assistants, James Cannon and Richard Dunham, have been appointed respectively executive director and deputy director of the council staff and Cannon has also been appointed assistant to the President for domestic affairs. When the Ford assistant was asked whether the President looks upon Cannon as an assistant to him or to the Vice President, the President's man answered in effect: "What difference does it make? The President regards *the Vice President* as his assistant for domestic affairs. Jim Cannon and Nelson Rockefeller are assistants to Gerald Ford and that's that."

Cannon, Dunham and James Cavanaugh, who was deputy director of the council staff in the last Nixon years and shares both the title and an office suite with Dunham, have tentatively divided their duties among themselves in an interesting way. Cannon has assumed overall direction of the council staff, clears papers on domestic policy before they go to the President through White House staff chief Donald Rumsfeld, and attends Rumsfeld's senior staff meeting at 8 o'clock each weekday morning. Cannon also spends a good deal of time with the Vice President. They were together much of the morning of March 11, for instance, before Rockefeller joined the President at a conference on economic and energy matters and then rode up to Capitol Hill in a White House Cadillac to lunch with Republican senators and preside over the Senate for awhile. Cavanaugh concentrates upon legislative and other domestic problems of current concern to the President and presides over the council staff's daily meeting at 7:30 am. Richard Dunham, who was New York state budget director during Rockefeller's last years as governor, attends a meeting of the President's economic advisers at 8:30 each morning and, in his council work, is perfecting plans to devote more of its time and energies to the long-range problems that Rockefeller loves to ponder and discuss. Two other members of the Rockefeller staff, Richard Parsons and Arthur Quern, have been transferred to the Domestic Council staff and the White House payroll. The four slots on the Vice President's staff that have been vacated by Cannon, Dunham, Parsons and Quern are very welcome. Thanks in part to Donald Rumsfeld's insistence upon cutting the White House establishment, including the Vice President's smallish part of it, by an overall average of 10 percent, the Rockefeller managers haven't found the money to pay for transcripts of his speeches, news conferences and other statements. In that respect, a point of major concern only to the press, the richest Vice President in history provides the poorest service in memory.

The aforementioned Richard Parsons figured importantly in an episode that was of great concern to Mr. Ford and that the Vice President recalls and recounts with immense pleasure. This was the Senate debate, lasting many weeks and concluded on March 7, over whether and how to change the rule that since 1917 has required the approval of two-thirds of the senators present and voting to end a filibuster. In his capacity as President of the Senate—his and all Vice Presidents' only constitutional duty, apart from waiting for Presidents to quit or die—Rockefeller presided at crucial stages of the debate and with his rulings on parliamentary questions greatly influenced the outcome. Without getting into the burdensome details of a very complex subject, an exercise that Rockefeller will engage in as long as a listener will put up with him and it, the situation may be briefly described as follows. A group of more or less "liberal" senators—notably Mondale of Minnesota, Pearson of Kansas, Cranston of California, Javits of New York—undertook to reduce the requirement from two-thirds to three-fifths of senators present and voting. Senate conservatives of both parties, led by the technically Democratic Senator James Allen of Alabama, rallied against the effort to change what they rightly regard as a fundamental protection of minority rights in a body that, unlike the House, has been designed since the founding of the nation to restrict the power of simple majorities and enable numerical minorities, on occasion a minority of one, to delay and obstruct and even to prevent actions

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that a majority may favor. Filibusters, of course meaning prolonged talk to keep issues from coming to a vote, are by no means the exclusive property of conservatives. Liberals use them, too. But the right to filibuster is dearer to conservatives than to liberals and, for reasons that go back to and precede the Goldwater nomination and campaign of 1964, Nelson Rockefeller is personally and peculiarly hated by rock-hard conservative Republicans. Tradition and prejudice thus combined to embitter this year's debate over changing the cloture rule and the reaction to Rockefeller's role in it.

Richard Parsons is 28 years old, black, and in Rockefeller's opinion an extraordinarily brilliant lawyer. He was on Governor Rockefeller's legal staff in New York, accompanied Vice President Rockefeller to Washington, and served as Rockefeller's personal parliamentarian before and throughout the cloture debate. The Senate's official parliamentarian, Murray Zweven, also coached the Vice President. But it's Parsons who stars in Rockefeller's account. The Vice President displays with pride an elaborate chart that Parsons drew up in advance, marking every stage of two different routes that a cloture debate might take, one involving a series of decisions by majority vote and the other an equivalent set of decisions by two-thirds vote. Rockefeller also displays a stack of statements that he and Parsons prepared in advance, for every conceivable eventuality. Apart from his natural interest in the matter as a conservative member of Congress for 25 years, Mr. Ford had a profound interest in holding the support of conservative senators, Republican and Democratic, on such upcoming legislative issues as his veto of a bill that would have limited his authority to increase tariffs on imported oil. Both his inclination and his immediate interest therefore were to preserve the two-thirds rule. Rockefeller's inclination was to favor the proposed modification whenever he could, subject to his basic conviction that the Senate itself should determine the central questions. His rulings consistently infuriated opponents of the change. Senators Allen, Barry Goldwater, Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Russell Long of Louisiana denounced him. Senator John Tower of Texas visited President Ford on February 27 and told him he was going to lose vital Republican support if he didn't curb the Vice President. Recalling Tower's action later, Rockefeller growled, "I don't take kindly to blackmail."

Rockefeller's and the President's accounts of Mr. Ford's role agree in substance but differ in nuance. At a press conference on March 6, Mr. Ford said it would have been "inappropriate" for him to interfere with the Vice President's "constitutional responsibility" by telling him how to rule "and therefore I did not." Rockefeller said to me: "I went to the President in January and told him this was coming up and it was hot. I asked him if there was an administration policy on it. I told him that he had two choices. He could say there was an administration policy and then I of course would follow it. Or he could say that it was my constitutional responsibility and that he should stay out of it. He stayed out of it." Mr. Ford probably would have stayed out of it anyhow, but Rockefeller clearly weighted his inquiry in that direction. When he was asked whether the President indicated any regret or annoyance because some of his supporters were angered, Rockefeller answered, "No, never—*never!* The President is a gutsy guy, a real gutsy guy."

On March 7 the Senate changed the requirement from two-thirds of senators present and voting to three-fifths of all 100 senators. Hereafter, 60 senators may end a filibuster. It thus will be a little easier to do than it's been since 1917.

John Osborne

Who Controls Atlantic Oil?
States' Rights

Actually there is little real resistance to the idea of drilling for oil along the Atlantic continental shelf. But the coastal states are determined to wring concessions from the federal government that would give them some form of revenue sharing as well as a hand in determining how and when oil is developed. There is some talk of creating a regional energy organization that might share with the federal government control of the shelf area, but for the moment, that seems a distant prospect.

The focus for exploration is a stretch of the Baltimore Canyon trough running roughly from Toms River, New Jersey, to the Maryland-Virginia line near Chincoteague. Although Interior Department maps have been broken down into lease blocks extending from the three-mile limit on out into the Atlantic, the first lease bidding, and the scene of greatest interest, is an area 20 miles from shore. Here the sediments are 40,000 feet thick, and covered by only 500 feet of water. The states immediately affected are New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia.

Under federal law the outer continental shelf is under the jurisdiction of the Interior Department. It begins three miles from shore, and runs to the point where the shelf turns down into a slope. The East Coast states are now challenging this jurisdiction in US *vs.* Maine, a case in which they argue for control of the outer shelf justified by colonial deeds. The Supreme Court is expected to decide the matter soon. And the states do not expect to win.

As the Maine case proceeded through the courts, the

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Baltimore Canyon states, under the leadership of New Jersey's Gov. Byrne, formed an ad hoc regional group to fight the existing federal leasing system on a variety of grounds.

For one thing they want the federal government to undertake a new environmental impact statement that will much more fully spell out the effects of oil drilling operations on coastal areas. Even though drilling is 20 miles out, it nonetheless can have a significant impact on shore. For instance, in the beginning oil probably would be hauled ashore or along the coast by barge, raising the danger of leaks along the coast areas. Then there will be the effects of pipelines, refinery expansion, new industry, expanded ports, and so on.

While the Baltimore Canyon states are concerned that oil drilling might ruin the tourist business, which in the case of New Jersey is an important source of revenue, they are more deeply concerned about the possible loss of income resulting from the drilling itself. Recent studies of drilling in federal offshore areas along both the Texas and Louisiana coasts indicate that oil drilling costs the states more than they ever realize in income. Because the territory is federal, the benefits to state and local governments are indirect in the form of sales tax revenues, or from property taxes levied on onshore installations owned by supporting industries. On the other hand, direct costs to the states or localities include provision of schools, police protection, highways and streets, health services, etc. A November 1974 study by the governor's office in Texas concluded, "The costs to Texas state and local government associated with production of the federal leases are estimated to exceed the associated benefits $62.1 million annually." A similar study by Gulf South Research Corp. for the state of Louisiana showed that the net cost to the state and local governments of federal offshore drilling amounted to $37 million a year. In light of this information the Baltimore Canyon states are determined not to proceed without some form of revenue sharing by the federal government. But such an arrangement raises uneasy questions. If the government agrees to share revenue with the Eastern states, then will it also share with Texas, Louisiana and California? And if it does that, is President Ford willing to make retroactive payments to the Gulf states?

A second worry concerns New Jersey. That state now does the bulk of the refining done on the East Coast. One-third of all the Eastern coastal refineries are in New Jersey; 60 percent are within the Delaware Valley. New Jersey believes that it must actively participate in setting oil drilling policy or it will be hit by a wave of uncontrolled refinery expansion.

Probably the most sensitive question concerns the states' demand that exploration and production be handled separately. Under the existing system, the Interior Department specifies certain tracts on the outer continental shelf for bidding. The oil companies, alone or more often in consortia, then bid for the leases. Once the lease is in hand, then exploration begins, and after that, production. The US Geological Survey, part of the Interior Department, acts as the federal government's scientific adviser in all of this. But once the exploration is underway, data submitted to the survey are treated as confidential and held secret. The survey itself does little independent exploration or analysis. This means the government is largely dependent on industry information in making its own estimates of oil or gas reserves, setting production schedules and so on. And under the current arrangement, it means the affected states cannot examine information the companies submit to the Geological Survey. That infuriates the states, and they are united in demanding that exploration be separated from production. Before any leasing is carried out, the states want to know as much as possible about geology of the area, results of core drillings, estimates of oil and gas supplies, and so forth.

This is a crucial point, for the oil industry realizes that once it gives up control over exploratory data, then in effect it loses control over planning for the resource use. To put it more bluntly, no longer are we dependent on reserve estimates served up by the industry based on its own hidden data. The Baltimore Canyon states are discussing several ways of handling all this. In New Jersey, for instance, there is discussion about forming a regional organization that might include members of federal agencies (such as the Bureau of Land Management, which handles leasing procedures, the Geological Survey, EPA, etc.) along with representatives of state agencies. Such a regional organization then would set out plans for offshore and onshore development, preparing environmental impact statements, and conceivably contracting out the exploration of the shelf. But exploration for oil by the states, even on contract to industry, would be very expensive, and require major changes in federal law.

What seems to be a more appealing course is set out in legislation recently introduced by Sen. Hollings of South Carolina and supported by senators from most of the Baltimore Canyon states. Under the Hollings bill, exploration and production would be severed on the outer continental shelf. Essentially the federal government would contract out the exploration function. All data gathered in that process would be made public, and production would not begin until the exploration information was developed. The states then are drawn into the development plan, with the governors being given the right to review the government plan. If the governor did not like the federal plan, he could ask for a three-year delay. The Secretary of the Interior could override any governor, but if that were done, the matter would go before Congress, where by resolution either house could order the Secretary to revive the plan, taking into consideration the governor's

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objections.

In all likelihood the Ford administration will move toward some sort of accommodation on revenue sharing, and there may well be a new or more expansive environmental impact statement, but the oil companies will fight hard against changing the leasing system. And this could become the focus of the battle over who controls Atlantic Oil.

James Ridgeway

Mr. Ridgeway, a former associate editor of *The New Republic,* is the editor of *The Elements,* a monthly journal on natural resources.

Bearing Out Seymour Hersh

The CIA and the Press

by Leslie H. Gelb

Having disposed of the "special case" of Richard M. Nixon, through a year's worth of wild and woolly news stories and congressional investigations, many people in Washington are becoming judicious again. Precedents for wrongdoing serve once again as grounds for forgiveness. Firm lines between right and wrong have given way to familiar and comfortable gray areas. It's almost as if everyone's a lawyer and everything's a quibble.

Witness the case of Seymour Hersh versus the CIA, et al. On December 22, 1974 Hersh dropped a bombshell. Citing well placed government sources, Hersh stated that the CIA "conducted a massive, illegal domestic intelligence operation during the Nixon Administration." Director of Central Intelligence William Colby spent a good deal of time over the next two months flatly denying the story.

House, Senate and presidential committees have been established to investigate the allegations. Their results will not be forthcoming for some time, but with the evidence at hand, let's try an interim verdict. Is the Hersh story accurate? What does the story of the story tell us about the new Washington? Are the Congress and the press likely to get to the bottom of this?

Are Hersh's facts correct?

Hersh said that a special unit of the CIA maintained "at least 10,000" files on American citizens. Colby told the Senate Armed Services Committee on January 15 that "files were established on about 10,000 citizens in the counterintelligence unit" of the CIA. Hersh implied, but did not state, that these files were kept mainly on antiwar and other dissident groups. In his testimony Colby did not specifically concede this. But the context of his remarks, beginning with President Johnson's concern in 1967 about "domestic dissidence," through the so-called Huston plan to investigate "domestic unrest" to helping the FBI investigate "possible foreign links with domestic organizations," makes quite clear whose names are on file.

Hersh stated that the "CIA also set up a network of informants who were ordered to penetrate antiwar groups." Colby answered that beginning in 1967, the "CIA Office of Security, acting on the basis of concern for the safety of Agency installations in the Washington, D.C. area, inserted ten agents into dissident organizations." In this same testimony in another place, he said "In order to obtain access to foreign circles, the Agency also recruited or inserted about a dozen individuals into American dissident circles in order to establish their credentials for operations abroad."

Again Hersh: "At least one avowedly antiwar member of Congress was among those placed under surveillance by the CIA." On January 15 Colby denied "surveillance, technical or otherwise," directed against any member of Congress. Subsequently Congresswoman Bella Abzug discovered the contrary, at least about herself. And as Colby related to a House committee on March 5, "a number of files have been destroyed."

Hersh's sources said: "Other members of Congress were said to be included in the CIA's dossier on dissident Americans." In his January 15 testimony Colby said that since 1967 only one file existed on a congressman. In a later supplement to his testimony Colby changed this to read: "Over the past eight years, our counterintelligence program holdings have in-

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cluded files on four members of Congress." He described their contents as perfunctory.

Hersh also referred to "break-ins," saying no specific information could be obtained about them. Colby's January 15 testimony cited three (changed to four in the supplement) instances all of which he said related to present or former agency employees.

Hersh's sources also cited wiretaps, but he could not find out any details about these taps. Here's Colby's response with changes made in the supplemental statement in brackets: "Our files show that CIA employed telephone taps directed against twenty-one [twenty-seven] residents of the United States between 1951 [1947] and 1965, and none thereafter. In each case the purpose was to check on leaks of classified information. [Most of the taps concerned suspected breaches of security by CIA employees; some of the taps were in direct support of foreign intelligence operations.] All but two [four] of the individuals concerned were Agency employees or former Agency employees. . . ." With respect to two private citizens who were tapped in 1963, "Our records show that these last two taps were approved by the Attorney General." There was no mention at all of Attorney General approval in the supplemental.

Hersh's sources also spoke of physical surveillance of American citizens. Colby noted five such cases, saying "We had clear indications that they were receiving classified information without authorization, and the surveillance was designed to identify the sources of the leaks. Also in two [four] American cities regarding an alleged plot to assassinate Mr. Agnew."

Hersh's article also alleged "surreptitious inspection of mail." Colby: "From 1953 until February 1973, CIA conducted several programs to survey and open selected mail. . . ." The purpose was to "identify individuals in active correspondence with Communist countries for presumed counterintelligence purposes. . . ."

Thus I think it can be reasonably assumed that when Mr. Colby "flatly denied" Hersh's story, he was not taking issue with the facts in Hersh's piece but with their characterization as massive and illegal. He has at one time or another in one way or another conceded every essential factual allegation in the Hersh story.

What must be at issue, then, is Hersh's characterization of these facts as "massive" and "illegal." What about the word "massive"? Putting aside the personnel involved in wiretaps and break-ins, is it fair to refer to the 22 agency penetrators into dissident groups, the dozens and dozens of people reading mail from 1953 to 1973, and the God-knows how many people involved in compiling the 10,000 dossiers since 1967, as massive? I am told by people who ought to know that it takes several agents working for several weeks to build a file of any value at all. For an agency whose essential purpose is to collect and analyze foreign intelligence, this seems pretty substantial to me. And of course we must take account that "a number of files have been destroyed." Another reporter might have used the word "extensive" instead of "massive" to describe these activities, but the point would be the same.

But were these activities "illegal"? William Colby admits to a few "missteps" in the CIA's 27-year history, stemming from a "misconception of the extent of CIA's authority to carry out its important and primary mission—the collection and production of intelligence pertaining to foreign areas and developments." Now one man's misstep may be another man's jail term, as Colby must have understood when he told *Newsweek* that "You need a criminal intent to actually be at fault, and if you did it under certain circumstances, you know, nobody in his right mind would prosecute or do anything."

The 1947 National Security Act, which established the CIA, prohibited the agency from having "police, subpoena, law enforcement powers or internal security functions." But Colby has cited two other provisions of the act to deny that the facts that he conceded indicated illegality. These pertain to the so-called gray area of CIA-FBI cooperation regarding contact between an American citizen and suspected foreign agents inside the United States. One makes the director of Central Intelligence "responsible for protecting intelligence sources and methods from unauthorized disclosure." The second states that the agency may undertake "other functions and duties related to intelligence affecting the national security as the National Security Council may from time to time direct."

Now any Washington lawyer will tell you that in law a specific prohibition against an act takes precedence over a general grant of authority. In this case the precise ban on domestic activities would preclude such activities even when carried out in pursuance of the self-protection and NSC-direction provisions. But this legal presumption notwithstanding, Colby's two exception provisions still do not stand up to scrutiny on their own merits. Colby maintained that the self-protection provison was sufficient legal authority for most of the wiretaps, break-ins and surveillance. And let's grant that. But for other of these very activities and for the mail openings and maintenance of the 10,000 files, the legal authority that Colby advanced was not protection of agency secrets, but directives from the National Security Council.

Well he actually implied this rather than advanced it. His exact words to the House Appropriations Committee on February 20 were: "I pointed out that CIA instead had conducted a counterintelligence operation directed at possible foreign links to American dissidents, under the authority of the National Security Act and the National Security Council Intelligence Directives which govern its activities and in response to Presidential concern over this possibility." These words

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seem all-encompassing, but nowhere did Colby or any other agency official state that there was a specific NSC directive for undertaking these activities. Nor has the agency or the White House put into evidence such a document. Indeed one suspects that the only authority for these acts was Colby's last reference to "Presidential concern." We all know how loyal bureaucrats and bureaucracies are to presidential concerns, but by law the agency cannot act beyond its charter without specific authorization by the NSC.

If you find the world complex and gray and remain unmoved by these legal arguments, let us turn for final satisfaction to the horses' mouths themselves. Richard Helms, the director of Central Intelligence during most of the activities under question, appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in February 1973 on the occasion of his confirmation hearings as ambassador to Iran. He was asked if the agency had become involved in any of the 1969 and 1970 domestic spying activities directed by the White House. He answered: "I don't recall whether we were asked, but we were not involved because it seemed to me that was a clear violation of what our charter was." Here's what William Colby said during his confirmation hearings before Senate Armed Services in September 1973. Sen. Stuart Symington asked about the gray area of the 1947 legislation, and Colby answered: "My interpretation of that particular provision is that it gives me a charge but does not give me authority. It gives me the job of identifying any problem of protecting sources and methods, but in the event I identify one it gives me the responsibility to go to the appropriate authorities with that information and it does not give me any authority to act on my own."

To Hersh's credit he made almost all of this clear in his original story. The story itself had a ring of credibility. And behind this was Hersh's incredible record of accuracy and the prestige of *The New York Times*. And yet the story immediately became suspect, not only in predictable conservative quarters, but in some parts of the liberal establishment in general and the news media in particular. Why? In part it was because the allegations in the Hersh story were very general. And unlike other Hersh extravaganzas, he did not follow this one up with stories dribbling out the gory specifics. While many were waiting for Hersh to drop the second shoe, they lost sight of the fact that the administration had dropped it for him. Colby fired James Angleton and several others involved in the agency's domestic operations, and President Ford called on Colby to make a full report—a report that was kept secret for several weeks. Ford immediately moved to establish a presidential commission to investigate, and the House and Senate soon did the same.

At the same time other parts of Washington went into action against the Hersh story. One newsweekly speculated that it all was a fabrication by Henry Kissinger designed to get Colby. Thomas Braden said it showed that Colby was out to get Helms. Evans and Novak whispered that the agency had to get into these activities because J. Edgar Hoover's FBI would not do its job. Two administration officials—who I can personally attest had substantially verified the Hersh story before it was written—went around telling journalists that Hersh's piece was substantially wrong.

The press did not wrap itself in glory either. To some degree this was a structural problem. Others could not duplicate the Hersh story, but since they had to write something about it, and since the only ones doing the talking were those issuing the denials, they printed the denials. In at least equal measure, however, competitive pride did some damage as well. I mention *The Washington Post* here only because I am not as familiar with what happened in other newspapers. Editorial opinion on the *Post* was obviously divided on the Hersh story. The paper's first editorial on the subject appeared on December 24. It blasted the agency for overstepping its legislative charter. Subsequent editorials, however, suggested that the Hersh story had been overblown and did not take adequate account of the difficult gray areas of the law. But to the everlasting credit of the *Post*'s editors and whatever some of them were saying privately about the Hersh story, they immediately called Laurence Stern—a brilliant, independent journalist of the highest integrity—back from a sabbatical to work on the story. Ironically it was Stern along with Jack Anderson who came up with one story that threatened to blow Hersh out of the water. They both published stories on January 9, stating that some 9000 files on Americans were gathered by the FBI and turned over to the CIA. The clear implication was that these files were, in fact, the 10,000 Hersh files. This was not the case. In a few days when the Justice Department denied this and then again Colby also denied that the files were the same as the agency's, the matter was resolved.

Another phenomenon soon evinced itself as well. A relatively small but highly influential number of legislators, former Democratic officials, journalists, etc.—I shall not begin to name them for fear of leaving too many out—started to attack the story privately. For these people what Hersh was attacking was not simply the agency, but a history going back to the days of the OSS, a culture, and highly prized, long-established social relationships. Theirs was a reaction of sentimentality, of a world being destroyed.

For these people and for still others, things had gotten out of hand. Attacking Nixon was one matter; but now the press had gone wild, gone too far, and was attacking "us" and the very institutions of government. Now the stain of Watergate was spreading out to the past, to the pre-Nixon years, and to the future. The dream of being able to make Nixon vanish and keep almost everything else intact was coming into jeopardy.

Before I push this establishment reaction too far,

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Washington is not the same place it was in yesteryear. Withal the Hersh story was not a momentary scandal, soon to be brushed aside, ignored and forgotten. The executive and congressional branches of government did act to investigate. The press is following up the agency stories and ferreting out new delicacies—like foreign assassination plots.

The city is in motion on the subject of covert activities. That motion is going to lead to more revelations. This will not and cannot be stopped. But even as the bodies move and sway, many are wondering about the relative virtues and vices of a "limited hangout" versus a "full hangout." Many like myself who are caught up in the process of acting out and observing the spectacle do not yet know where the ball will stop.

Cambodia

The Roots of Involvement

by Stanley Karnow

Five years ago this week Prince Norodom Sihanouk was overthrown as Cambodia's chief of state by a group of rivals under the leadership of Gen. Lon Nol, and that event set the stage for what has become, since then, one of the most destructive episodes in contemporary history. For by taking advantage of Sihanouk's ouster to strike at the North Vietnamese and Vietcong sanctuaries along the border of South Vietnam, the US enlarged the Indochina conflagration, and in the process turned Cambodia into a battlefield. And the devastation of that formerly peaceful land continues. Although the inept Lon Nol government barely controls its capital, the Ford administration is still pressing Congress to grant it military aid that can only aggravate Cambodia's agony. The argument that the prolongation of the fighting is preferable to the bloodbath that might follow a takeover by the Communist insurgents is dubious, since the rebels are unlikely to kill more innocent civilians than are now being slaughtered by the rockets promiscuously hitting Pnompenh. Equally specious is the thesis that Cambodia's fall would affect the status of South Vietnam, since the Cambodian Communists have long dominated the regions adjacent to the Vietnamese frontier. The contention that Communists have rejected all attempts to compromise also rings hollow, since no convincing evidence has been presented to suggest that serious negotiating efforts have been tried. Nor is there much substance to President Ford's claim, as he put it the other day, that "if we abandon our allies we will be saying to all the world that war pays," since the Cambodian conflict was initially triggered by the US and has been sustained through an American commitment to the Lon Nol regime that has no legal foundation. Thus the "loss" of Cambodia would not only be the salvation of the Cambodians, it would impair America's global credibility only to the extent that the President is determined to perpetuate a tragedy that was meaningless from the beginning.

It is ironic, looking back on the origins of the US involvement in Cambodia, that it should have ever taken place. For in the period prior to the coup d'état that removed him, Sihanouk was actively seeking to cooperate with the US against the North Vietnamese and Vietcong forces that had encamped on his territory. In an interview that I had with him in December 1967, for example, he openly acknowledged that the Vietnamese Communists were operating inside Cambodia and conceded that he would permit US troops in South Vietnam to pursue them across his frontier. In the same conversation he invited President Johnson to repair the ruptured US relationship with Cambodia by sending an emissary to Pnompenh, and the visit soon afterward of Ambassador Chester Bowles eventually led to the resumption of Sihanouk's diplomatic ties with Washington. Consistent with this approach, Sihanouk tacitly allowed the Nixon administration to carry on its secret bombings of Communist logistical bases, supply routes and manpower concentrations inside Cambodia, and he even authorized his officers to pinpoint targets for the B-52s. Later, estimating that the US withdrawal from Vietnam would leave him exposed to the North Vietnamese and Vietcong, he proposed that the US furnish him with military and economic assistance in order to bulwark Cambodia against what he termed the "new imperialism" of Asian communism. By late 1969,

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therefore, Sihanouk was angling to become an American client so that, as he saw it, Cambodia could be protected against its traditional Vietnamese enemy. At the same time, however, he was striving to persuade the Chinese and North Vietnamese to guarantee Cambodia's neutrality.

Sihanouk has charged that the coup that toppled him was the work of the Central Intelligence Agency, but although the CIA had conspired against him in the past, there is no proof that it was responsible for deposing him in March 1970. The action against him was undertaken by a faction of domestic adversaries who, for sundry motives, yearned to seize power, and they overthrew Sihanouk while he was visiting Moscow. At that stage, it seems to me, the US missed a key diplomatic opportunity. Anticipating that Sihanouk's fall might tempt the US and South Vietnamese to thrust into Cambodia, the French proposed that an international conference based on the Geneva agreements of 1954 and 1962 be called to consider the establishment throughout Indochina of "a zone of neutrality and peace," and the recommendation was supported by the Soviet Union until it was spurned by the Vietcong. But even though the idea appeared to make little headway at first, intensive diplomatic efforts might have kept it alive. For every country concerned with the fate of Cambodia was, during those days, striving to reach some kind of accommodation with the Lon Nol government. Despite attacks against their offices, the North Vietnamese and Vietcong representatives had remained in Pnompenh in an attempt to come to terms with Lon Nol; so had the Chinese and North Korean ambassadors as well as the Soviet envoy. In Washington, meanwhile, the State Department was also receptive to diplomatic possibilities, but the atmosphere was different in the White House—and that was where decisions were made.

Richard Nixon had just seen the movie *Patton*, and as he viewed the Cambodian situation he was itching for decisive action. The situation in Cambodia was far from clear. Encouraged by Lon Nol's army, Cambodians were massacring Vietnamese residents by the thousands while the North Vietnamese and Vietcong, having interpreted the coup against Sihanouk as part of a US plot aimed at them, had emerged from their sanctuaries and were moving in the direction of Pnompenh. Neither Secretary of State William Rogers nor Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was enthusiastic about a US invasion of Cambodia, in part because of its cost and partly because they feared an adverse congressional reaction, but the Pentagon and the US military command in Saigon were eager for an assault and, as he confided to a friend, Nixon agreed that he could not let the Communists "get away with murder."

Accordingly Nixon began in the middle of April to take the small steps that would carry the US into Cambodia. He approved the secret shipment of 6000 captured Soviet weapons from Saigon to the Cambodian army, which had been equipped by the Russians, and he flew some 2000 Cambodian troops who had been fighting in Vietnam to Pnompenh. By April 24 he had decided on the plan to go into Cambodia, and two days later, after seeing *Patton* a second time, he announced it to selected members of his cabinet. In the opinion of a former White House aide, Nixon during this period seemed to develop the sort of aggressive defensiveness that he later displayed in the Watergate affair. On one occasion during the Cambodia planning he told Henry Kissinger, then his foreign affairs adviser, that "the liberals are waiting to see Nixon let Cambodia go down the drain just the way Eisenhower let Cuba go down the drain," and at another time, referring to setbacks he had recently suffered on Capitol Hill, he said that "those senators think they can push me around, but I'll show them who's tough." Kissinger, emulating his boss, adopted a similar attitude. He told his recalcitrant assistants that "we are all the President's men" and must obey orders, and, when one of them handed in his resignation, Kissinger told him: "Your views represent the cowardice of the Eastern establishment."

The Cambodia operation, according to several senior officials who worked on it, was sloppy from the start. In the first place, probably because Laird had never taken the idea seriously, the military studies were obsolete, and for that reason, the US and South Vietnamese troops who went into Cambodia found that most of the Communists had flown the coop. In addition no

"Take your pick, lady—we got grenades, shells, or bullets."

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thought had been given to the impact of the incursion at home, in the world or even in Cambodia itself. Nixon was unprepared for the storm of protest that swept the US, and his immediate reaction was to blame it on campus "bums." He dismissed the wave of international criticism, and he disregarded the fact that the Cambodians, whom he had plunged into war, had neither the taste nor the capacity to fight. Lon Nol had not been informed in advance of the US invasion, and only after it occurred did the US Embassy in Pnompenh draft a message for him requesting American intervention. He was so worried by the new development, however, that he dispatched his family to the security of Singapore, and his instincts were accurate. He perceived that the conflict would create an insurgency that would, as events have proved, ultimately consume Cambodia.

It is worth revisiting the Nixon administration's statements and measures from the time of the US invasion until the end of 1970, for they demonstrate the degree to which a tactic purportedly designed to hasten the American withdrawal from Vietnam and speed up the Vietnamization program rapidly became a commitment to another war, in Cambodia. On May 5, five days after the invasion began, Laird said that "we are not going to get involved with the Cambodian army," and three days later Nixon pledged that "our logistical support and air support will also come out" when the US and South Vietnamese forces quit Cambodia. In early June the tone of Nixon's remarks changed subtly. Now, he said, the US would continue to fly air missions "to interdict the movement of enemy troops and materiel," and a month after that he reiterated that intention more strongly. Another month later Vice President Agnew said that "we're going to do everything we can to help the Lon Nol government," and although a State Department spokesman denied that this represented a change in US policy, it did. By the middle of November, after the elections, the administration advised Congress that the price tag for military and economic aid to Cambodia would run to at least $285 million for the fiscal year, and Nixon came forth with a fresh rationale for the commitment. The money was "probably the best investment in foreign assistance that the US has made in my political lifetime," he said, explaining that the Cambodians were tying down 40,000 Communists who would otherwise "be over killing Americans." Within a few months Nixon would describe the American obligation to the Lon Nol regime as "the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form"—meaning, as I understood it then and do today, that the chief executive feels that he can delegate the implementation of US policy to a foreign surrogate without reference to Capitol Hill.

Under American auspices the Cambodian army was enlarged sixfold within a year to about 180,000 men. But many of these soldiers were poorly trained and many more were phantoms, put on rosters by their officers to earn fat profits from funds for fictitious troops. An attempt to deploy the Cambodian army in a pincer movement against the North Vietnamese and Vietcong in late 1970 ended in disaster, and, in a report written at that time, James Lowenstein and Richard Moose of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff noted that between one-third and one-half of the country was no longer under the control of the Lon Nol regime. At that stage the Cambodian army was dealing mainly with the Vietnamese Communists. But the Cambodian insurgents, who numbered only about 5000 men in 1970, were beginning to flesh out their ranks, and their force grew rapidly. By early 1972 most of the North Vietnamese and Vietcong had crossed into Vietnam for the offensive that preceded Hanoi's decision to reach an agreement with the US, and the Cambodian insurgents, who include hard-core Communists trained by the Vietminh and elements loyal to Sihanouk, were able to manage their own rebellion. Little is known about them or their field commander, Khieu Samphan, but US intelligence sources estimate that they now comprise about 60,000 men, about a third of them currently surrounding Pnompenh. A high-level State Department official offered the view a few days ago that the rebels would never have made such spectacular progress if the US had not intervened in Cambodia, and he added: "We'd be even more deeply involved if it hadn't been for congressional pressure. Congress can take credit for the fact that Cambodia didn't become another Vietnam."

That view differs radically from the official administration line that Congress, by forcing a halt to US bombing of Cambodia in August 1973, encouraged the Communists to continue fighting and so thwarted attempts by Kissinger to negotiate a settlement of the war. The story, as Kissinger has been telling it, is that he persuaded Chinese Premier Chou En-lai to arrange a meeting for him with Sihanouk in Peking, but that the encounter was cancelled after Congress voted to stop the bombing in July 1973. One question raised by this tale is why Kissinger did not advise Sens. Clifford Case and Frank Church, the sponsors of the bombing-halt legislation, that he had a negotiating prospect and ask them to postpone their amendment. It is also strange that Kissinger should have taken that possibility seriously when, in background talks with reporters at the time, he expressed the opinion that Sihanouk was merely a figurehead who had no real authority. For whatever it is worth, Sihanouk told me during an interview in Peking in May 1973 that he had twice sought to open discussions with Kissinger but was rebuffed on both occasions. John Gunther Dean, the US ambassador in Pnompenh, was also spurned by Kissinger last year when he proposed that an attempt be made to contact Khieu Samphan, who was then traveling in Eastern Europe.

It is reasonable to presume that the Cambodian

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insurgents have nothing more to negotiate except the surrender of the Lon Nol government, since even another dose of US aid cannot save the decrepit Pnompenh regime. The best that one can hope for is that the Communists are lenient when they finally take over. Sihanouk pledged in an interview last week that there would be no bloodbath, but it might be useful if the US could persuade him to make that promise official. If blood continues to flow in Cambodia, however, it will have been the fault of a peculiar US conceit that small countries are expendable and that major powers are above morality.

Turning Ideals into Reality

Democracy in Latin America

by Kalman H. Silvert

A move from paternalism to fraternalism in hemispheric relations was the essential recommendation of the recently published report of the Commission on United States-Latin American Relations, commonly called the Linowitz report. Since making its pronouncement, the commission has been criticized by conservatives for proposing a giveaway—giving Cuba back to the Cubans, the Panama Canal back to the Panamanians, and other such unthinkable propositions. And the left has criticized the commission for failing to recognize that the solution to Latin and North American troubles lies in the establishment of socialism. The report has been very favorably received by many center and center-left Latin American newspapers, as well as by many persons in the liberal wings of both major US parties. An unexpected dissent, however, has come from the adherents of a pro-Alliance for Progress view. Their ideas were most publicly aired in these pages by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (January 4 & 11), with the satirical subtitle, "A Light Skiff on a Deep Ocean."

It is to these last antagonists that this note is addressed. I do so not because they are the commission's most acerbic critics, but because the questions they raise far transcend the document at issue. Vulgarly put, what is in contention is how American liberals should think about the Cold War, the relation between democracy at home and democracy abroad, the proper uses of American power overseas. In pondering on all of these points, Mr. Schlesinger and I share a commitment to democratic values. But we differ in how we try to make those values live, in how we seek to avoid having democracy's defense mechanisms destroy the host body.

Schlesinger accurately points out that the report barely mentions the word democracy, that the commission would have the US diplomatically recognize all Latin countries regardless of their political bent, and that there are no prescriptions for dealing differently with totalitarianisms *a la chilena* and fledgling democracies *a la venezolana*. The report's strong statements against violations of human rights, he legitimately argues, are not a substitute for policy discriminations based on other measures of the politically decent. And again he is entirely correct. But he is wrong, I think in assuming that the commission cared not a fig for the growth of democracy in Latin America, or that in its recommendations it intended to surrender a concern for the growth of democratic *substance* (not necessarily *forms*) in the Latin nations.

My understanding is that the commission rejected the alliance's "embrace for our friends, and a handshake for our enemies" for several reasons. Even during the incumbency of President Kennedy, the cool hand was mailed for the Bay of Pigs, gloved for clandestine operations in Ecuador, and beringed for diddling with electoral politics in Peru. For its part the *abrazo* pushed many Latin governments into national planning they could not intellectually control, promised poor people that they could be economically better off even without increased political power, and promoted trade unions on the basis of how their leaders felt about Slavic affairs. Secondly, the feeling was that fine-tuning other people's polities is as much beyond our capabilities as fine-tuning our own economy. Third, governmental ideological pretensions are mistrusted in this age of the

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grand lie. But that last reason is put negatively, and does not do justice either to my own thinking or to that of a majority of my colleagues on the commission. We thought much more positively, and thus consciously tried to erect a policy that would oppose meddlesomeness, let alone interventionism, and that would yet be consistent with democratic aspirations in Latin America and at home. Schlesinger totally missed this point.

He writes that the report's recommendations are "random," that there is no line, but only a statement of scattered and trite observations. Here we enter into implementation, into how our own and other people's social good is to be promoted through foreign policy, and here I disagree entirely with his judgment. The essential line of the report is as follows:

> In recent years many Latin countries have markedly increased their political, economic and social capacities; further they have moved toward genuine autonomy in their international relations.
> • So too the US has lost some of its power to influence the politics of other nations, although we remain far from powerless.
> • Ideas about how to achieve social change and the good society are in disarray almost everywhere.
> • Raw physical security and the Cold War have ceased to be keystones of American foreign policy debates; at the same time we are less certain of the stability and purposes of our major national institutions.
> • Whatever the panoply of international agencies and transnational "actors" (mostly corporations), the nation-state is still the "social community of last resort," the only scene within which equality before the laws and other elements of political freedom can be effectively sought. That statement does not belie the fact that torture and atrocities also take place within nation-states. The issue is not *whether* to engage in "nation-building," but what *kind* of nation is desirable.

The commission thought it beyond the capacity or will of the US to dictate what kinds of nations the Latins should build for themselves. We thought it enough to state that it was time to stop trying to hinder the building of national communities—in other words, to get out of Latin America's way, letting those countries find their own path to wherever they may be going. Each country will have to make its own revolution, just as we made ours. If we can provide expert help, some money, and meaningful goodwill, then fine. But in no case should we employ covert or overt force of a military or economic nature to enter directly into the internal play of Latin American politics. We thought this prescription good for both the US and Latin America, and that therefore it could be the basis for a foreign policy of mutual self-interest. The relevant portion of the commission report reads:

> Of late, the United States has faced a variety of challenges: unemployment, racial conflict, the long war in Vietnam, and a major crisis of governmental leadership—all of which have seriously tested the coherence of the United States as a nation. This testing is likely to continue amidst the developing energy crisis, commodity shortages, and inflation now facing the world. All of this is bound to affect US ways of thinking about the international community. What is most needed at this point is an international policy that will not further strain the nation, but rather contribute to solving some of these problems. Significantly, the process of nation-building in the Latin American countries also depends on the same sort of international policy. Thus, a commonality of interest exists between the United States and Latin America at this juncture. The shared experience of working to solve problems which the United States and Latin America face can only serve to strengthen ties between the peoples of North and South America.

My view is that the US is out of control because our systems of economic and social accountability are breaking down. To put it simply we combine depression with inflation because market mechanisms can no longer control the gross outlines of economic behavior. We get Watergates because we have been losing the meaning of citizenship, because the parties and the formal institutions of the several governments under which we live have become clogged, bureaucratically self-serving, and sensitive only to a limited array of organized pressures. Certainly the way out cannot lie in a vapid internationalism, or an equally vapid appeal to the good natures of our governors and the technocratic managers of our economic machinery. Somehow a democratic solution must lie in boldly rebuilding the national community; it must have to do with making citizenship once again meaningful, with welcoming all of our fellows into the social nation in an equality of condition (not of hollow "opportunity" alone), with deciding that economics will become the slave of our policy and not the other way around. I do not believe the solution to the problems of democracy lies in international rationalizations worked by transnational managers, latter-day Realpoliticians, or military-political missionaries. When democracy gets into trouble, the solution lies in more democracy— and not in the nostrums of snake-oil salesmen on white horses.

The commission report says that in basic policy what is good for us is also good for Latin Americans. The first step is to give them room by removing the threat of the varied forms of interventionism as a continuing part of their domestic political constraints. The second is to begin to treat them as fully functioning members of the international community, like other self-respecting states. Thus, we should help them to deepen their autonomy through everything from making techno-

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logical information available to encouraging their participation in intraregional and global relations. We should attempt to even out the terms of trade, and to help Latin American countries to understand and bargain with governmental and private economic agencies. In short all the specific recommendations are pointed toward reinforcing trends within each Latin American country toward strong nationhood. The objective is to promote collective bargaining in international affairs, leaving behind the American indignity and the Latin irresponsibility involved in paternalism. I think none of the commission members expect such an outcome to lead automatically to democracy. But certainly, whatever the causes, past relationships have not promoted such democracy either—even the Alliance for Progress. So, we were content with attempting to further the essential precondition for democracy, which is the formation of responsible national community.

My own greatest area of dissatisfaction with the commission report concerns the failure to discriminate between strictly defined totalitarianisms on one hand, and quasi-democracies and varied kinds of authoritarianisms (but not full-blown totalitarianisms) on the other. The other commission members refused to accept my suggestion that we propose that the United States treat a country like Pinochet's Chile as it treated Allende's, or as it is treating Cuba. I can understand and respect their desire, however, to prevent diplomatic recognition, economic embargoes, military intervention and "destabilization" from becoming "variables," real options in the hands of our policymakers. Their view is certainly easier to implement than my own, and more consistent with the primary line of the commission report. The commission's general sensitivity to the issue, however, is revealed not only in the strong human rights statement, but also in the appeal to make our country a haven for political refugees of any hue and an active participant in attempts to ameliorate the effects of official terror.

Schlesinger also faults the report for not having gone more deeply into problems caused by US private investments, "the question that probably poisons United States relations more than any other." He applauded what was said, but failed to recognize what was implicit—that we in the United States will have to develop the clout to control our own economy, and so will each Latin American country. Where, in the absence of a global government, is that international political power that will permit the control of global corporations? The control can come from nowhere but national states, and the international organizations of those states, such as the Andean Group in Latin America. As of this writing, some Latin American countries are organizing themselves for a forthcoming meeting in Buenos Aires to apply a legally binding code of conduct on transnational corporations. The US, in company with Brazil, is hindering the full spelling out of those controls. The sense of the commission report opposes such a blunting of an attempt by Latin American countries to control their national destinies. Thus the report implies that the American government should not attempt to regulate the operation of American companies in Mexico, say. That job is for the Mexicans, and we should officially owe no more to companies working there than we owe to any American citizen.

Schlesinger concludes by calling the report "shallow," a wasted "opportunity to educate a future administration," and "a sorry retrogression from an earlier ideal of a hemisphere united by devotion to democratic institutions." In this case shallowness may be in the eye of the beholder. Turning democratic ideals into reality must also involve hewing close to the line of truth, eschewing self-delusion. Mr. Schlesinger should not have misquoted the report; accuracy would have strengthened his case. He writes that "one would not recognize the Alliance for Progress from the description given in the report—as a Cold War instrumentality dominated by the 'overriding goal' of 'military security.'" Here is what the report says:

> Over the past 25 years, US primacy in Western affairs has been achieved at high cost—contributing to inflation, a war orientation in industrial development, political discord, and extensive secrecy in government. It is no small wonder, then, given an atmosphere of primary concern for national security, that relations with the less powerful nations, and Latin America particularly, were shaped largely by that concern. The Alliance for Progress was in some measure an attempt to accommodate security considerations with concern for the domestic welfare of Latin American nations. The Alliance was a reflection of generous intentions and Cold War considerations.

The commission decided to enter the decade and acknowledge the end of the Cold War in its classical form. The political "reality" that we recognized is that working toward a hemispheric policy based on freely established interests demands that we promote the power and authority of the Latin countries themselves, for without strength there can be no real freedom of choice. The *realidad* we took into account is the still uneven but vastly changed potential of most Latin American countries. And that's good, for only the grown-up can be ethical. Children can be but naughty or sweet, but adults can choose either the sinfulness of dictatorship or the morality of democracy. It's time for the US to chuck the notion that it must guide its Latin children, if only because a lot of them are already taking off. Latin America is having its bar mitzvah, and the least we can do is go to the party, pen and pencil in hand.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Rubinstein, Redford and Bolkan

The Love of Life (New Yorker). Arthur Rubinstein wins. If you know anything of his public persona, if you've read his autobiography, you may resist going to the documentary film about him the way one tends to resist any professional charmer. I resisted; at last I went; and I succumbed, very quickly. Rubinstein is a full-time performer (which does not mean faker), constantly demonstrating his qualities. But he *is* a wonderful artist, an intelligent and warm *bon vivant*, a witty man who comes to us on the crest of 70 years of international success, every moment of which he has enjoyed. Additionally he is strongly affecting as a Polish Jew who, without great personal suffering or any pretense to it, nevertheless is resonant with 20th-century tragedy. He's a man out of a culture that is gone forever, living with enthusiasm in a new world. He *is* a wonder. If he happens to know it and likes to display it, well, what's the odds? Especially since he makes it so enjoyable.

And then, not quite incidentally, there's the music. You will have some idea if you saw the PBS telecast of the two concertos that Rubinstein played last year with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw—Beethoven Three and Brahms One. When he made his American debut at the age of 19—in 1906—a critic wrote: "Those hands! — dozens of them — those fingers! — scores, hundreds, seemingly." Sixty-eight years later the critic could only have written the same.

A great deal of Rubinstein today, and therefore of yesterday, is caught by François Reichenbach and S.G. Patris in a film they shot in Paris, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Isfahan and elsewhere. We see R. and his (lovely) wife, revisiting their pre-1939 home in Montmartre; R. at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, where he says movingly that he feels he has come as vicar for his father who died without hope for a Jewish homeland; R. at the piano explaining wickedly how he faked the difficult right hand passages in a Chopin piece at his Paris debut; R. speaking juicily of his upbringing and early home life ("My mother pretended I played [piano] before I was born"); R. revealing his little trick of putting on his hat from side to side so that he can tuck his hair underneath; R. speaking to young musicians, R. rehearsing, R. performing. Well, he's performing all the time, of course. None of this footage was "sneaked." But as with all good performers, the camera is to him what water is to a rose.

My one complaint about the film, which is well photographed and edited, is that it's not well enough recorded. The sound-track of a Rubinstein film should have had, for instance, better highs. But, admittedly, it's not a record of a concert but of a man. As such, it does what he wants it to do. He wants you to walk out thinking, "A great artist and a great human being." And, drat him, that's exactly what happens.

The Great Waldo Pepper (Universal). I had my first airplane ride for five dollars with a barnstorming pilot up in farm country in 1927. Robert Redford, in his new film, plays a barnstorming pilot who, at the start, is getting five dollars a ride from Nebraska farm-folk in 1926. So this picture took me early, and I stayed with it for a while. But things got bumpy.

The script is by William Goldman from a story by George Roy Hill, who also directed. Goldman-Hill did *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and Hill directed *The Sting*, both of which co-starred Redford, so the general effect is of the US Mint swinging back into action. Maybe *Waldo* will be an equal smash; I certainly don't hope not. But I think it bobbles two fine themes.

Redford, as Pepper, is an ex-fighter pilot of WWI who did nothing spectacular in the war but who has appropriated as his own a stirring tale of an encounter between a famous German ace and an American pilot since deceased. Redford is meant to exemplify two ideas. One: the romance of air war, which prevailed very strongly in the US between wars (see films like *Wings* and *Hell's Angels*, see the now-defunct pulp magazines devoted exclusively to air-war stories of WWI). Two: the psycho-cultural change in the late 1920s when flying changed from derring-do to business, from stunting to airlines. Both of these themes are apt for film, both have some significance. Both are handled unsteadily.

As for war-as-romance, the story is worked out so that at the end Redford is stunting in Hollywood under an assumed name. (He has been grounded by the CAB for violations.) In a war film he has the fantasy dog fight of his past with that very German ace who is also trying to make a buck in pictures. There's a multi-stranded texture here: the end of chivalric combat, Redford's dream coming "true" and coming true in a place that manufactures dreams—Hollywood—plus the grubbiness of the present lives of Redford and the German. But Goldman and Hill don't give us the potential of the dream realized *as dream:* it's all just a contrived ending toward which the script has been pawing.

As for Theme Two, Redford's "stunting" concept of aviation is melodramatized, as when he buzzes a crowd to drive them back from a burning plane in which a friend of his is dying or when a girl falls to her death from a wing-walking stunt—thus suddenly puncturing Keystone comedy. (Comedy that suddenly turns serious can have its point, but what's the point here? That they were risking their lives? We knew that.) Despite these strains and tugs, however, we do get some sense that this circus pilot is a prematurely antediluvian figure.

Redford does all right as Waldo—there's simply nothing more to be done with the part than he does, which is why it's disappointing. He hasn't really exerted himself as an actor—and he's a good one—since *The Candidate* and *Jeremiah Johnson*. I wish he would get a script that would do more than utilize his competence and stardom. (And while

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's lovely-funny-bitter poem about his youth—at least the way he wants to remember it.

A Brief Vacation. De Sica directs Florinda Bolkan beautifully in this soft but moving tale of a young working woman's escape from drudgery in a TB sanatorium.

Hearts and Minds. Documentary about the Vietnam war, politically somewhat irresolute but with considerable power.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman compressed his 300-minute Swedish TV series into three hours; still it's Bergman—and Liv Ullmann.

SK

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The Oeuvre of Patrick White

The Cockatoos
by Patrick White

(Viking; $8.95)

White is a master of the novel. At his best he draws us in, but only so far: the vise that grips the reader is carefully distanced, and that distance can provide an oracular power. But the short story is a form that demands immediate rapport between artist and audience; and White, the most austere of modern novelists, isn't an intimate writer. The stories in his early collection *The Burnt Ones* are either whimsical, with O. Henry twists and lovable Greeks talking in English except for occasional italicized Greek words, or portentous without delivering. *The Cockatoos*, a new collection of novellas and stories, shows White trying to shape the short form to his own special gifts rather than degrading those gifts by trying to be cozy. The title story and two others, "Sicilian Vespers" and "Five-Twenty," are too attenuated to hold much interest; but the rest, although one doesn't necessarily *like* them, command attention.

Patrick White's US publications:
Happy Valley, 1940
The Living and the Dead, 1941
The Aunt's Story, 1948
The Tree of Man, 1956
Voss, 1957
Riders in the Chariot, 1961
The Burnt Ones, 1964
Four Plays, 1966
The Solid Mandala, 1966
The Vivisector, 1970
The Eye of the Storm, 1973
The Cockatoos, 1975

"The Night the Prowler" rings changes on that hoary motif, the victim who is actually the victimizer. Felicity, the proper daughter of proper parents and engaged to a proper diplomat, longs to be mastered by brute male strength. When a prowler tries to rape her, he turns out to be a slimy weakling whom she forces to submit to her ravenous desires. After staging a rape as an out from her dull engagement, she goes on orgies of destruction. If she can't find a man who is up to her, she'll vent her anger on the possessions that the respectable hide behind. She becomes a housebreaker, not to rob but to destroy, and achieves a garish release in disfiguring expensive chairs, mounting them as though they were centaurs: "Riding their thick thighs, still slashing, sawing at the mouth which held the bit, she was to some extent vindicated, if guiltily racked by the terrible spasms which took possession of her." White completes Felicity's appalling liberation by taking her through a capsule version of the ages of man; and if he strips her of some humanity by making her a device, he rounds his grotesque fable into a bearably comic one.

"The Full Belly," about a family of starving Greek aristocrats during the German occupation, isn't quite bearable. Although White's prose has never been more razor-sharp, he uses it to slice his characters to bits. When hunger is unsatisfied, the spirit corrodes, and these Greeks turn into vipers. They are the reverse of Voss, whose spirit expands as his flesh falls away. I think that White intended us to sense our own atavistic potentiality in the family's dehumanization, but what we sense is that the author loathes his characters. White has compressed his grimmest personal vision into 20 pages—a feat of storytelling, but the compulsive read seems an eternity.

The opening novella, "A Woman's Hand," is less accessible and, perhaps for that reason, not nearly so repellent. I shuddered at the central figure, a frigid busybody wife who brings about a marriage that leads to insanity and death. She appears throughout White's work in one form or another, and he clearly despises her. Although I'm not sure what "A Woman's Hand" is supposed to be about and don't understand the motivations, and although I suspect that White shares my uncertainties, the novella is riveting. White has gone further with one of his stylistic specialties: prose rhythms that provide equivalents for the characters' hang-ups and eruptions into madness, eruptions that the reader can only partially intuit. The madness in "A Woman's Hand" is never clarified; it's suggested by the insane friend's perception of ocean sunsets as blazing peacocks, emblems of a voluptuous redemption that is unattainable. White has taken the most lucid passages of madness from *The Aunt's Story* into pure impressionism. He almost succeeds, because his subliminally erotic imagery, tinged with religious elements, pulls one in although the imagery has nothing coherent behind it.

It's a measure of White's artistry that *The Cockatoos*, flawed and disturbing as it is, makes one eager to see what he will do next. But the short form is not, and probably never will be, the best showcase for his genius. Since White is now a Nobel winner, many readers are eager to encounter his work for the first time and may imagine that a new story collection is a good introduction. *The Cockatoos*, although it should be read, isn't the ideal starting point. It will tantalize some; others need to respond to the breadth of vision in the major novels before they approach these strange but impressive minor works.

Patrick White's procession of novels is majestic; no other living novelist in English is so consistently audacious or writes on such a large scale. In America only pulp novelists like Michener are interested in full-dress productions. White, a serious artist, has given us *Voss*, a historical epic of Tolstoyan proportions; and his work ranges from the spacious epic to the fiercely introverted writhings of his new book, *The Cockatoos*. We are drawn to White's heroic writing even when he puts us off. His satiric dialogue can be overly vicious, as in *Riders in the Chariot;* and his schematized conceptions cripple a poor novel like *The Living and the Dead* and mar one of his best, *The Solid Mandala*. His hatred of his characters reaches a culmination in *The Cockatoos*. But White is full of surprises. He follows his worst novel, *The Vivisector*, which loads an overheated Passion Play tone onto a standard tortured-artist story of the Irving Stone variety, with *The Eye of the Storm*, a serenely visionary work in which his prose reaches new heights.

In the seven-year hiatus between his false starts (*Happy Valley* and *The Living and the Dead*) and the appearance of *The Aunt's Story*, White began developing his prose, a mixture of the tangy, lazy rhythms of Australian diction and glittering bursts of imagery that sometimes emerge from the text with a beautiful naturalness, sometimes with a shock that is like a slap in the reader's face—a prose style both precise and

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flexible. Speaking voices overlap into description; and points of view can be separated by slight modulations in one brief scene, even in one paragraph. Pitch is heightened by minor chord changes from sentence to sentence, from phrase to phrase. The prose daringly calls attention to itself in such passages as the German housekeeper's cabaret act before her painted death-doll mistress in *The Eye of the Storm*, or the aged Waldo's preening in his dead mother's ball gown in *The Solid Mandala*. These scenes are incomparable pieces of stage direction, but White provides everything—actors and props aren't needed. (Oddly, his plays are hopelessly "literary" and derivative, while his fiction is miraculously scenic.)

In *The Aunt's Story* White rearranges the pieces of an Australian spinster's mind as though they were chips in a mosaic. Although he doesn't entirely control his effects, parts of the novel even today read like a breakthrough. Unfortunately the middle section is a stiffly self-conscious nightmare-reverie, possibly modeled after "Nighttown" in *Ulysses*, in which Theodora is supposed to be crossing over into madness. White records the tiny alterations in Theodora's perceptions of reality without resorting to conventional explanations and metaphors for insanity.

The Tree of Man, unlike *The Aunt's Story*, has no obvious experimentation. It's an Australian farm saga told, for White, as simply as possible. A basic fallacy creeps in: because of the Parkers' poverty, White grants them a wholeness he denies his more affluent characters. But this epic of the soil avoids most Pearl Buck overtones by the power of the images; the fire and flood are White's first great descriptive scenes. Another important factor in White's growth as an imaginative artist first appears: the view of Australia as a primordially unshaped, almost mythic continent. The transportation of the first convicts is like Lucifer cast into hell; and the natural disasters in *The Tree of Man* are plagues, manifestations of divine wrath at those who would try to shape the wilderness.

The great part of Australia is still unshaped today; in the last century the land outside the few settled areas held untold terrors. White's 19th-century explorer Johann Voss, the epic figure of his next novel, meets the divine wrath head on in the hinterland, with its aborigines and their sacred death rituals in which civilized man is the natural sacrifice. What White does in *Voss* is immense: the cross-cutting between the disintegrating expedition and Sydney's balls and picnics, the sensual evocation of colonial life in the 1840s, the supple dialogue that flashes into epigrams, the suffering of Voss, the love between him and Laura Trevelyan (one of the strongest woman characters in modern fiction)—a love that is cerebral and spiritual rather than sexual, a love that is Voss' salvation and lifts the novel out of despair into celebration. *Voss* is one of those rare novels that pulls the reader up successive peaks of intensity until he emerges, purged, at the top. The book is completely achieved, despite a typical last White touch: a trivializing epilogue that neatly wraps up all the narrative threads that might better have been left free.

Voss is the last of White's straight narratives. The later novels, except for *The Vivisector*, form a trilogy of symbolic works. Instead of archetypal characters, like Voss and the Parkers, White gives us characters who are extensions of another kind of archetype—a risky attempt for a novelist, but White has never been one to avoid risks. Each novel's title is the governing metaphor. *Riders in the Chariot*, the least successful, presents four characters, various examples of the earth's wretched, who will finally ride in triumph in the apocalyptic chariot of fire. The riders are joined by tenuous plot linkages, and White uses them questionably. One is a tubercular black painter, another is a Jew crucified by working-class louts (the religious symbolism tries one's patience). The oppressed will be victors by virtue of their oppression; and, although White wastes no sympathy on the oppressors, the novel seems erotically attracted to them. Does White really like his miserable creatures, or does he only think he should? *Riders in the Chariot* is split down the middle; but it has powerful scenes, such as the Jew's recollection of the death camps (with White's characteristic connections between violent death and sex, connections that increase the horror), and curious exchanges, that suggest Jane Bowles, between bizarrely matched couples drawn together by mutual freakishness.

White, whose fiction is rarely far from the feel of flesh, can't get his winged chariot to soar. He does much better with earthbound symbols: the storm's eye, and the mandala, which is an ordering of chaos, not a transcendence of it. *The Solid Mandala* is a glass marble, a child's toy, with twin strands of color that in different lights twist and untwist in colors that blind and illuminate. The "solid mandalas" are named by Arthur Brown, the "deficient" twin, the man of "spirit," to the derision of his twin Waldo, the desperate intellectual, the man of "reason." White clearly wants to be on Arthur's side; and this spirit/reason duality, this division of the whole man into warring twins, creates suspicions that the novel harbors an intellectual self-hatred. But White carries this duality to visionary status. The Browns' story is told first from Waldo's view, in terse, stifled prose that gradually burns with an insane rage. It is then retold from Arthur's view, and here the rhythms uncoil and our recognition of the horrible release that must follow comes full circle. Symbol and character are fused; we and the Browns and the mandala are one. The twin lives that wind together in torture loosen in beauty. One thinks of Bernard's speech to Susan in *The Waves*: "Words, moving darkly, in the depths of your mind will break up this knot of hardness, screwed in your pocket-handkerchief."

The Solid Mandala probes further beneath the surface of human frailty than any other White novel. *The Eye of the Storm*—about a dying woman, once a great beauty and sexual monster, and those who wait for her to die—is a panoramic view, suggesting what is underneath by resonant language and juxtaposition of shifting time and place. The themes are highly charged: the helplessness with which we anticipate death, the shame of old age and the body's ugly tyranny (the imagery, as George Steiner notes, is largely fecal), the ways that recollections of sex and sexual failure and continuing desires push us into collision with others, who are pursued by their own demons. This is the most highly plotted of White's works, and some of the subplots are embarrassments; but the plotting advances the action only slightly. The plots principally serve as supporting metaphors to the central scene: the dying woman's memory of being trapped in the eye of a hurricane. The savage beauty of destruction as seen from that small area of calm brings back her entire life, the past recaptured in that one instant of revelation. The novel is structured around the storm scene, like ripples spreading in a pool. White seems to be writing from the storm's eye, from that lucidity that is reached only after tortuous mazes have been traveled.

John Alfred Avant

John Alfred Avant is fiction librarian for the Brooklyn Public Library.

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Great Position

King James VI of Scotland I of England by Antonia Fraser

(Knopf; $12.95)

As a lover of the arts, James I could scarce have picked a better time to rule Britain. John Webster and William Shakespeare wrote tragedies in praise of the monarch whose "honour and the greatness of his name/Shall be and make new nations." John Donne preached sermons for him at St. Paul's. Even the exquisite, silly masques Queen Anne adored and adorned were created by Ben Jonson, and costumed and staged by Inigo Jones. The King's own literary interests and aspirations culminated in the King James Bible. When he died his remains lay in a catafalque designed by Jones, and Donne spoke his eulogy. Could any monarch ask for more?

Good health, perhaps, though his weak frame and porphyria did not diminish his passion for hunting. The survival of his first born, certainly; the death of the athletic Henry, Prince of Wales, twisted the outlook of the King as surely as it turned the course of British history. Better fortune in his love affairs, maybe, though greater discretion particularly with pretty boys like Robert Carr and George Villiers might have served the throne almost as well. Despite his personal agonies, esthete that he was, James could have chosen no more glorious time to reign.

Antonia Fraser's *King James VI of Scotland I of England* is a tribute to the king and to the age. At political matters, however, James was not adept, and Fraser's attempt to arouse "greater understanding and therefore greater sympathy" for a king she finds worthy of the "great position" of first monarch of Great Britain consequently falters. His political successes, such as they were, resulted, according to Fraser, from his indecision and inability to act. When he did act it was to embroil himself in scandal or intrigue. His efforts to extort more money for himself in 1610 ended when he fumbled a so-called "Great Contract" with Parliament; another attempt in 1614 died when the addled Parliament dissolved without passing a single bill. His prolonged negotiations with Spain to arrange a politically advantageous match with the Infanta, first for Prince Henry then after his death for Prince Charles, came to nought. As statesman James displayed none of the judgment or even taste that characterized his literary and intellectual pursuits. On the basis of his political maneuvers, it is difficult to agree with Fraser that his subjects "were not so badly served by him after all."

The brevity of the "biographical essay," as Fraser calls it, a text that runs scarcely more than 100 pages in all, makes it impossible for her to give a three-dimensional portrait of James—she had no intention of supplanting the full-length studies—but the book's illustrations more than compensate by showing his world. The book, the physical object, is beautiful, as it was intended to be, and considering the ways books are printed these days, that in itself is a blessing. From its endpapers, through its handsome typesetting, its 100 black-and-white illustrations and 16 pages of color, the volume embodies elegance worthy of its subject. The illustrations are well chosen and reproduced. Oil portraits, miniatures, coins, sketches, woodcuts and engravings are wedded to the text; almost every page has its pictorial element.

The portraits characterize the court superbly: if one reads of Carr's seductive wife Lady Frances, one sees her, the artist's attention having been obviously riveted to that ample bosom amply displayed; no other portrait in the volume compares with her decollétage. The six-paragraph treatment of the Gunpowder Plot is accompanied by four illustrations, including a vivid depiction of the plotters' decapitation and disembowelment. For sports we see three woodcuts of hunting with hounds and falcons, a painting of a young golfer, an engraving of riding at the quintain and another of Prince Henry with his pike ready for jousting. The illustrations are rich and varied, an education in themselves in the visions and the violence of James' time.

The text serves its function adequately. There are some oversimplifications and overstatements: Charles Howard, for example, was scarcely "sacked" when he retired at age 83 with a generous pension. There is some carelessness: in mentioning scholarship on porphyria, Fraser never mentions author Richard Hunter's first name in the text or index although his co-author, Ida Macalpine, is allowed hers. There are some stylistic infelicities—why say, in describing courtiers deprived of a long-held prerogative, "We was robbed"? There is considerable attempt to make the life "relevant" by comparisons with 20th-century attitudes: James' well known belief that smoking was hazardous to health, his "logical positivism," and other aspects of his life are pointedly noted as modern. There are rhetorical overstatements: the Howards were grasping but surely not all of them were as diabolical as Fraser portrays them. And there seems to be a studied attempt to hide details of the provenance of the illustrations—even a coffee table book can list sources in an easily accessible way.

The flaws are minor, however, and inherent in the design of the volume. Someone wanting to comprehend the life of James should consult David H. Willson or David Mathew. Someone who enjoys the visual evocation of a splendid age should buy Fraser's book.

Shirley Strum Kenny

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James R. Mellow on photography

Edward Weston

The striking nudes that became a persistent subject in the works of photographer Edward Weston make it easy to consider him a master of the erotic. A virtue of the handsome retrospective showing of Weston's photographs now on view at the Museum of Modern Art is that this facet of his work—and his life—is not overstated. The nudes that do appear—and there are many, representing all phases of his 50-year career—take their place in the larger body of his production: the sharp but admiring portraits of artist-friends such as José Clemente Orozco, and earth-mother women such as Nahui Olin and Weston's mistress, Tina Modotti; the pristine, incredibly detailed views of Western farmlands and desert sand dunes, the brooding landscapes of the eroded rocks and tidepools of the California shoreline, near Carmel, where Weston lived and worked for much of his life and where he died, in 1958, at the age of 71. The exhibition, admirably selected by Willard Van Dyke, a filmmaker, photographer and a colleague of Weston's, gives one a broad assessment of his particular genius.

Early in his career (his father had given him a Kodak Bulls-Eye camera when he was 16) Weston adopted the misty, impressionistic style that was in vogue. By the time that he went to Mexico in 1923, leaving his wife behind and traveling with Tina Modotti and one of his four sons, Chandler, he had begun to develop a "straight" approach toward his subjects. The camera lens became what one might imagine the eye of God to be, aloof, dispassionate, but observant of even the most minute detail. He felt that only patience and time, the perfect light, the exact shutter opening would allow him to capture the essence of a subject on film: a dead pelican with its every feather accounted for, a chambered nautilius that might have issued from the hand of God on the first day of creation. In time he mastered the technique so well he could even photograph a bedpan as if it were the purest of Brancusi sculptures.

For much of his career he lived a hand-to-mouth existence, supporting himself with commercial portrait photography, work he hated, resenting the time spent recording uninspired middle-class faces and aspirations. He was suspicious of schools, training, doctors, social and artistic theories, the humdrum life, routine marriages, women as a general category. He hoped to bring up his four sons, whom he manifestly loved, as robust and independent spirits, something better than the dull products of a dull education. He told one friend—whether facetiously or not, is not clear—that he had taught his sons to masturbate "so they wouldn't be wholly dependent upon women."

That the pressures of sex had a marked importance in his work and his life is made vividly clear in a frank and revealing biography by Ben Maddow, with superb reproductions of Weston's photographs (*Edward Weston: Fifty Years*, Aperture; $40). As with Picasso, a new woman was apt to represent a new phase in Weston's career and a new sequence of nudes. Maddow explores these sexual exploits thoroughly: two marriages, many mistresses, the casual amorous encounters, and what appears to be at least one early homosexual liaison, drawing upon Weston's personal letters and journals. Weston seems to have enjoyed the kind of varied, healthy, protracted sex life that now we are all being exhorted to adopt in the love-craft manuals. But his sexual adventures were not hit-and-run affairs. Most of them ripened into long-term friendships and were recalled fondly by both parties.

He was not, it should be said, a Don Juan among photographers; he seldom boasted about his conquests. Like many men with pronounced sexual drives, there seems to have been an element of reserve, of prudishness, in Weston's character. When Tina Modotti wrote him that his patently erotic photographs of the chambered nautilus reminded her of the sexual act, Weston was irritated. "No!" he answered testily, "the shells are too much a sublimation of all my work in life to be pigeonholed. Others must get from them what they bring to them: evidently they do!"

One sees what he means in his photographs of the nude. They are studies in forms—albeit sensuous forms; he seldom shows the faces of his models—that would introduce the element of personal identity, private emotion. Instead, he concentrates with amazing equanimity and reserve upon the torso with its sleek curves, the swelling volumes of breasts and thighs. These photographs represent leave-taking from the immediacy of the subject. They reveal Weston's method of both coming to terms with sex and asserting his independence from the claims of the flesh.

Mr. Mellow is the author most recently of *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein and Company* (Praeger).

Nude Floating 1939 — *Edward Weston*

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Posterity Now

Celebration
by Harvey Swados
Simon and Schuster; $8.95)

Harvey Swados uses lines from Neruda as an epigraph to his last novel: "I have lived so much that someday/they will have to forget me forcibly,/rubbing me off the blackboard. My heart was inexhaustible."

Sam Lumen, his hero, is a 90-year old educator who has "lived so much" that he has become an *object* used by others for their own ends. They want to transform his life into social and political mythology. They refuse to acknowledge his quirky independence. They want, in effect, to rub him "off the blackboard."

Who are they? Larry, a former student, now works for the President. He has built his career on the works (the various educational theories and schools) of Lumen; he has been the lover of the educator's young wife, Jennifer. Larry is impressed by power—he has a phone in his official car!—and he cannot honor his teacher without displaying governmental authority. Although Seth lacks such power and, indeed, resents it, he also compels Lumen (his actual father!) to endorse his rebellious causes. Thus these "sons" intend to "kill" their father while they pursue their independence. (The Center for Children bearing Lumen's name is to open on July 4, 1976.)

Lumen knows that he is "inexhaustible." He combats the plots of his sons and wife, recognizing that his very existence is threatened. He battles for life.

His diary is his weapon. By writing down his obscure feelings and dreams, he hopes to retain a sense of dignity. He tells himself: "I can hardly see to sign my name any more. But for some little time I should be able to touch-type like this. . . . All I aim to do is what this first entry has already done—tell myself the dreams and memories that no one else could understand." He writes his own version of "Lumen." Therefore, his secret jottings contradict the "official" testaments; they affirm that there are undercurrents in social mythology and that these deeps are, perhaps, closer to the truth of personality than mere reportage or "authorized" biography.

The matter is even more complex. Lumen realizes that as an old man he cannot remember the past with great accuracy. When he recounts events that occurred 50 years ago (or more!), he may be lying, inventing his own mythology: "I used to think that the unique quality of great age lay in its beautiful challenge to refine, to purify, to discover simplicity. Now that suddenly I am terribly old, I have the uneasy feeling that I had been romanticizing, out of ignorance. Because nothing seems simple to me now. Everything is complex, mysterious, impure, starting with my own motives and conduct. . . . " *He even invents mysteries as he plays the detective of self.*

It is fitting that Lumen spends so much time on dreams. He is "suspended" in his time of life, he is closer to death than to birth, and he lets go fully when he closes his eyes. His dreams, which combat the dreams of independence of his sons, are illogical, impure and complex. They demonstrate fears and ambivalence unexpected in a "great" teacher and father.

The first entry begins with the word "dreaming." It continues "Dreamt I was dreaming." The dream "itself" concerns Lumen's desire *as a child* to flee from his birthday party and his father. The effect is circular. Although he sees himself running from his childhood birthday, he recognizes that his own children, Larry and Seth, are giving a party for him. Is he, then, father or son? At what point should he play only one role to perfection? Such questions underly his first entry; they trouble him throughout the novel.

After the lengthy analysis of his motives, which refuses to settle for easy Freudian theory, Lumen decides to act out his dream of flight. He goes to the airport and tries to depart for a children's shelter in the West, but he is plagued by physical pain, trapped in his body by the plot for his soul.

We would expect Lumen to despair. He surprises us. He accepts "imprisonment" by his sons because he realizes that no matter what they continue to make of him, he will celebrate his mind's wanderings with "humor, if not exactly a serenity." He comforts himself with Jungian wisdom: "Only what is interior has proved to have substance and a determining value."

Celebration is a wonderfully serene novel. It accepts the conflict of generations as an inevitable fact of life; it acknowledges the need for liberation of fathers *and* sons. It refuses to flee from political, sexual and educational strife. It is an appropriate testament—not only to Lumen but to Swados himself: "No more explanations. It no longer matters to me what kind of figure I will cut for posterity. Posterity is here. Hello, from this old boy! Take it away!"

Irving Malin

Irving Malin teaches at CCNY. His new essay, "The Last Analysis" appears in *Saul Bellow*, edited by Earl Rovit (Prentice-Hall).

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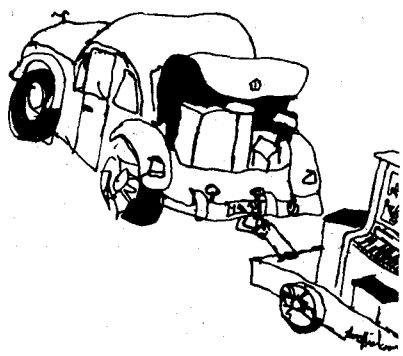

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Of Our Time

Between Existentialism and Marxism by Jean-Paul Sartre

(Pantheon; $10)

Sartre argued in *Critique of Dialectical Reason* that Marxism is "the philosophy of our time" which "we cannot go beyond because we have not gone beyond the circumstances which engendered it." Thus existentialism must remain an "autonomous ideology" until Marxist historical dialectics, lacking now the clear grasp of human subjectivity which existentialism has, incorporates this ideology—then "existentialism will no longer have any reason for being."

In spite of a title suggesting sustained thesis, the present volume is not directly *about* the assumptions of the *Critique*, or *directly* about Sartre's humble willingness to self-destruct, although his neo-Marxist ideas do inform it. The book is, rather, a collection of pieces published or republished between the *Critique* in 1960 and the volumes on Flaubert in 1971-2: four interviews; essays on Vietnam, the Czech repression, Kierkegaard (again, existentialism's relationship to historical dialectic, this time Hegelian), Mallarmé, Tintoretto, the function of the intellectual; and the transcript of a harrowing, tape-recorded explosion between a fed-up but obviously destructive analyst and his frightened, whining analyst—prefaced by Sartre's Laingian argument for "reciprocity" in the psychoanalytic encounter with two dissenting evaluations by *Les Temps Moderne* editorial board members.

What provides integrity of a sort to this diversity—as much as the post-*Critique* assumptions do—is a writer's voice and intellectual style I find enormously disappointing.

No matter how abstract the analyses in *Being and Nothingness*, the phenomenologist Sartre was able to delineate states of consciousness as well as deep structures of being in almost palpable shape, but Sartre the philosopher of history, his concerns now more "material," seems to have mislaid that knack for concrete focusing that graced his more "idealist" concerns (as the Marxists called them). *Between Existentialism and Marxism* is too full of explanations like this one of "*le vécu*—lived experience":

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"neither the precautions of the preconscious, nor the unconscious, nor consciousness, but the terrain in which the individual is perpetually overflowed by himself and his riches and consciousness plays the trick of determining itself by forgetfulness." Enough of this and we're liable to forget the Sartre so attuned to the world's body and clothing with a perceptual range from nausea, as in his first novel (when the "diversity of things, their individuality" vanishes, "leaving soft, monstrous masses, all in disorder—naked, in a frightful obscene nakedness"), to elegant pleasure, as with Calder's mobiles ("a small local festival, an object defined by its movement and nonexistent apart from it, a flower that withers as soon as it stops moving, a free play of movement, like corruscating light").

But the poet of the visual appears occasionally in this book; his Tintoretto piece is a beautiful essay, a rich journey across the face of a painting and into its conception. One is reminded that Sartre is a marvelous art critic (or was: this essay was composed probably in 1957), and wonders if that talent had something to do with his abilities as a phenomenologist. Sartre on the Venetian sky which "all [Tintoretto's] work testifies to":

> *In Venice the sky shimmers around the pale fingers of the city, crackles dryly at eye-level—while up there above the stratosphere it appears as a series of loose, grey silken folds receding out of sight. Between this delicate silken scarf and the rooftops there is a void, a wasteland criss-crossed with scintilla of light. Even when the heat is intense, the sun remains "cool"; yet nowhere in the world does it erode so much. It can make an island vanish, disintegrate a district, fall into a canal and evaporate its water, turn the gentle lapping of the waves into a sparkling stammer.*

But such seeing and writing is the exception here. More characteristic are the displays of admitted polemical genius ("when established power judges it useful to tell the truth, it is because it has no better lie available. Such truth, issuing from official mouths, becomes no more than a lie corroborated by facts") and the kind of blinding obscurity I've mentioned already.

And something else: When Sartre tells an interviewer that in 1936 or '40-41 there was no other choice but to go along with the Communist party, we can judge that as the familiar nonsense it is. But in the context of a supposedly rigorous, philosophical essay on genocide, written for the Russell "War Crimes Tribunal," defining genocide on the grounds of *intent* to destroy a race *as a race*, Sartre notes along the way the American attempt to bribe North Vietnam with economic assistance, suggests that this would mean the destruction of that country's socialism, and casually adds, "And this too is genocide. . . ." Is Sartre really such a careless thinker, or is this special pleading disguised as legal philosophy?

Recall his embarrassing defense of the Soviet Union in the early '50s against charges of imperialism. He defends that defense in this book—not on grounds of truth, but because "it was essential to reject this accusation if one did not wish to find himself on the side of the Americans." I mean this question quite seriously: considering that Sartre wrote a play, *Dirty Hands*, about the question of immoral action in service of an embraced ideology, is it possible that he has over the years been acting in periodic reruns of a play that could be called *Dirty Thoughts?*

Occasional access to fast and loose standards of honesty aside, the book is a disappointment. I miss the mind that, in *Being and Nothingness*, taught me why one person can be so rotten to another. I don't see that the later corrections are a philosophical advance (indeed, my nostalgia is an impertinence; Sartre has no obligation not to change). Rather, I am disturbed at a willingness to emasculate one's thought, to heel contortedly to the moment's "revolutionary" necessities. I haven't the commitment required to appreciate Sartre's announcement to an infantile-leftist interviewer, "Now I consider myself available for any correct political tasks requested of me"; it sounds entirely too familiar. Sartre still worries himself about being a *bourgeois* leftist intellectual, one of those who in spite of his "political denunciation" of society "remains objectively an enemy of the people" unless he "negate[s] his *intellectual moment* in order to try to achieve a new *popular* stature." But he might consider that self-flagellation is one of the more petty bourgeois-leftist habits. I prefer the habit of looking at paintings, without apologizing as Sartre does to the interviewer for continuing his *Flaubert*.

Samuel Hux

Samuel Hux writes for *Dissent, Change, Commentary* and teaches at York College, CUNY.

Fine Print

Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Professional Writer

Doris Grumbach

I have often heard that the difference between the amateur and the professional writer is that the amateur gives up at the first few rejection slips, but the professional goes on despite all discouragement and lack of critical notice, because nothing can stop the writer who is determined to write. Another false distinction is sometimes made: the professional gets published and the amateur does not. Literary history has proven how wrong this is, and the history of a writer like Thomas Hornsby Ferril proves the first definition.

I first learned about Ferril's career from a pamphlet by A. Thomas Trusky of Boise State College, Idaho, in the *Western Writers Series* I wrote about a few weeks ago. Ferril was born in Denver and grew up in close association to the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, which his father bought in 1912 and published for

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almost 30 years. His education was all in Colorado, as well as most of his journalistic experience. While he worked for the *Denver Times* he began to write and publish occasional poetry, which was noticed in the *NY Times* (1922) by Richard LeGallienne who called him "one of the youngest and best of the sons of the morning."

But poetry and journalism would not support him and so he took a job with the Great Western Sugar Company, full-time, where he worked for 42 years until his retirement in 1968. All that he has written—innumerable columns for the *Rocky Mountain Herald* under the pseudonym Childe Herald, literary essays and enough poetry to be collected into five volumes—reflects his absorption with the experience of Western America.

His subject matter may be called, in the narrow sense, regional; his ability to extend its reference to universal themes is apparent. *High Passage* (1926) begins:

What pure coincidences were the day the bee
Crossed the black river and came floating further West:
An old man felt no symbol streaming o'er his head,
But crushing English roses in his hunting vest
As if the flowers were there, spoke to his dusty son
Of this and that which he had written in his will,
And prattled on of England till the weary boy
Grew fearful of what lay behind each westering hill,
And watched horizons bobbing through the oxen horns,
Like circles screwed against his own identity,
Which thundered in his ears and through the wagon wheels
To roar beneath the silent passage of a bee.

Reading in this first volume, which was number 22 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets and was recently (1971) reprinted by AMS Press, provides one with a fair chart to Ferril's subjects: the Pony Express, the westward growth of empire (one of his books is called *Westering*), the men who made the West, and most particularly (as novelist H.L. Davis points out in his introduction to *New and Selected Poems*, 1952, reprinted by Greenwood Press, 1970) "the sense of shift and instability in inanimate things . . . of continuity in the human spirit." He writes often of time, of love that can outlast time, and of the Western experience as a residue in the blood of those still living who did not make the trek:

Noon is half the passion of light,
Noon is the middle prairie and the slumber,
The lull of resin weed, the yucca languor,
The wilt of sage at noon is the longest distance any nostril knows . . .
How far have we come to feel the shade of this tree?

This collection shows as well how uneven Ferril's work can be, its heights and then its descent, often, into jingle and triteness and uneven humor. At his best, and I suspect that some of this or funny elements as Mark Twain. Trusky quotes (in *I Hate Thursday* that Harper published in 1946) a story Ferril tells of a friend who suddenly came upon a rattlesnake:

"Did you kill the snake?" I asked.
"No."
"Why not?"
"I figured that someday he might bite somebody."

I don't know Ferril's journalism, essays or the pieces Trusky informs me he has written about writing. Esthetics never interested Ferril very much. He wrote in an introduction to *Trial by Time* (Harper, 1944), "I no longer read poetic theory . . . the worst places for poets are the library, the study, the English department of the university."

I suppose that all this moving about aimlessly in Ferril's poetry is a delaying action, while I come to grips with my admiration at his persistence, his belief in his own vision, his willingness to support it with work entirely opposed to the creative life ("You're too jealous of your time," he writes of his lack of interest in theory," if you're in industrial work as I am") over a period of more than 50 years. He has been published, and republished, but not noticed in the widespread way we have come to associate with literary fame. A friend of mine who grew up in Denver and went to the University of Denver did not recognize his name when I mentioned it, although he did respond, somewhat vaguely, to Childe Herald. The critics of the East and South, who are often accused of conspiring to determine our tastes and thus to determine the course of our literary history, are unaware of him, and yet this neglect has not dampened his spirit or staunched the flow of his work. True, he has received a few awards, among them the 1960 Robert Frost poetry award, and the Ridgeley Torrence memorial award for the best book of poetry published in 1953.

It would be hard to say how many "professionals" like Ferril are writing have written in this country. But it is a safe guess that if there are others, they are likely to be living and working some distance from the hubs of publishing and criticism. Despite the indifference of the critical world to him, he starts his day, as he always has, at five in the morning. Now he is writing verse plays and dramatic verse, a new endeavor for him. A fellow Coloradan, the composer Ceci Effinger, has set some of his poems to music, and they are now collaborating on an opera. In his outlook, in his work at 77, it would seem he is still a son of the morning.

Gluttony

I missed it,
The rich dessert
of life like a peacock's tail
that was supposed
to be my cake

The earth's
weight laid
on my eyes, the being
unable to breathe.

Implausible limbs
strewn everywhere.

Garbage
is gentle, like death
full of soft things.

Nausea advances, and
days
in which to replace
consciousness.
The wash out

before
the sliding off
of skin.

Terry de Antonio

Terry de Antonio was a poet and teacher who died earlier this year.

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A Communication

In "Report from North Vietnam" (*TNR*, Feb. 8), Gareth Porter, recently returned from North Vietnam, conveys Communist objectives that are rather startling. Porter says that the North Vietnamese "are still prepared to resolve the conflict by the political process prescribed in the Paris accords." He reports that the current Communist military activity "is aimed at persuading the US to drop its support for Thieu so that a government can come to power that is prepared to implement both the military and the political provisions of the Paris agreement."

Porter conveys a picture of a North Vietnamese leadership that wants nothing more than the military status quo and broadened political competition in South Vietnam. In the US, Communist military activity has led to desperate pleas from the President to the Congress for more help for South Vietnam. Yet according to Porter, the Communists believed that Gerald Ford's response to an offensive would be to drop Thieu. Somebody is being fed some very dumb intelligence.

Porter's report suggests that the Communist military objective of late is simply to offset the losses to Thieu's army that resulted from their violations of the cease-fire. The North, Porter reports, does not want to resume a large-scale war. His principal source of information about Communist intentions is Hoang Tung, "editor of the party newspaper *Nhan Dan* and the most authoritative spokesman for the Central Committee." Hoang Tung also was a major source for some other Americans who arrived in North Vietnam on November 20th and stayed for three weeks. This group, headed by Irwin Silber and Jack A. Smith, editors of the American Marxist weekly *Guardian*, made their trip at the invitation of the Vietnam Committee for Solidarity with the American People. Their report was published in a 16-page supplement, "Vietnam Reconstructs," accompanying the February 5th *Guardian*. Hoang Tung's remarks to Silber and Smith do not suggest that it is Communist policy to use military force simply to retake territory grabbed by Thieu's army in violation of the cease-fire.

From what Silber and Smith say it is clear that North Vietnam and the Vietcong still have the objective of reunifying the North and the South. Of course whatever can be attained by political means will be gladly taken, but Hoang Tung leaves no doubt about Communist determination to use violence if that is necessary: "To overthrow a violent regime, only revolutionary violence is an alternative." Silber and Smith also quote from the Vietcong newspaper, *South Vietnam in Struggle:* ". . . in dealing with imperialism and all reactionary regimes installed by it, there is no other language that counts than counterviolence. . . . National liberation can only be achieved through revolutionary violence."

The remarks of Hoang Tung that Porter quotes are open-ended. They contain no references to time frames. Thus what may be the tactical emphasis of the present moment may easily be read as basic philosophy. Silber and Smith leave no doubt of Communist determination, North and South, to reunify Vietnam by whatever means it takes. "As to the future, Vietnam's Communists are not resting on their laurels. The struggle for full emancipation of the South, eventual reunification of the country and the construction of socialism will be a long and arduous one requiring continued creative leadership from a party which already has an incredible series of achievements to its credit."

It is amazing that those in Vietnam and in the United States who wish to see Vietnam reunified under a Communist government regard the Paris accords as confirmation of a Communist victory. Porter says North Vietnamese leaders believe that the Christmas bombing turned out to be a Communist victory. Because of the large number of B-52s shot down, Kissinger was forced into concessions at Paris. Silber and Smith's report on what they found on their travels through North Vietnam contrasts very sharply with their talk about victory. "North Vietnam is in ruins." This is what their eyes show them, despite the needs of their dogma. "Concentrating as we did on the heroic resistance of the people, we were relatively uninformed about the tremendous economic and social consequences the masses have had to endure for their freedom and independence."

Much that Silber and Smith saw reminded them of a moonscape. They found the economy in shambles. Handicrafts seemed to be the only kind of work going on beyond what each family had to do in order to subsist. Agriculture was completely disorganized. "When the Paris Agreements were signed, the people simply had nothing, nothing at all except hunger, disease, poverty, and physical and emotional disabilities." Silber and Smith heard this from a provincial official. Yet to them, and to the casual reader of Porter's report, the North won a victory, which it now only desires to preserve. That is just as much wishful thinking as Silber and Smith's assertion that the masses are prepared to accept still more sacrifices. The truth seems to be that the people of all Indochina have undergone unimaginable suffering and that the leadership in Hanoi intends to persist in its original military and political objectives.

Paul Marx
University of New Haven

Correspondence

No Better Ideas

To the editors:

Whatever has become of John Osborne, who once stood so prestigiously atop the White House enemies list? The diagnosis, which may yet prove fatal, is that he has been stricken with something similar to that of James Reston of the *Times* and a host of other reasonable persons of liberal persuasion who are currently finding it very chic to dismiss the once notorious Gerald Ford as—and I shudder—"a nice guy" however inadequate a President he may be (*TNR*, Jan. 4 & 11). Never mind the now well known infamous Gerald Ford attempt to impeach Justice Douglas; the ceaseless train of Ford apologia for Nixonian Vietnamization—indeed, floor fights that never deviated on any issue imaginable from the now politically defunct Richard Nixon's—and need anyone mention the Ford explanation for Watergate and his then superior's role in that affair? Gerald Ford, who once said he was a Ford and not a Lincoln, has never in his political history had a better idea. He has extended a lamentable amnesty program that makes—or attempts to make—criminals of the wrong

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Americans, which is contemporaneous with the hero worship of some Watergate felons who have hardly tasted incarceration, because it is a last-ditch effort to save face and not the product of any compassion he supposedly has for those who deserted. The disastrous economic proposals he has given us speak for themselves. Of his desire for millions of dollars in financial assistance to the preservation of a dictatorship it can only be said that the "peace agreement" that laughably copped a Nobel Prize for Henry Kissinger could not have been worth the paper it was written on. This Ford has never had a better idea and yet an Osborne or a Reston can somehow separate the man from what he espouses and declare him "a nice guy." I wonder if this is not the sort of rationality that led millions of Americans to cast their ballots for Nixon in 1972; that sort of "he's doing the best job he can" sort of litany.

Larry Gianakos
Warren, Ohio

Apology to Homer

To the editors:

Contrary to Woody Allen's assertion (*TNR*, Feb. 22), there is no reference to a wooden horse in *The Iliad*. It is, however, mentioned several times in *The Odyssey*.

Richard Teutsch
Northfield, Minn.

Taiwan's Future

To the editors:

I am, I'm afraid, unmoved by John Fairbank's plea for Taiwan (*TNR*, March 1). He sees the inevitability of mainland sovereignty, and laments the prospective loss of Taiwan as an economic colony of US industrialist interests. May his hypocritical words about avoiding US interference in Chinese affairs stick in his throat, and may the Chiang clique (non-Taiwanese to a man) soon feel the healthful rigors of mainland discipline.

Robert K. Hull
Cambridge, Mass.

On Kauffmann's Brecht

To the editors:

I hesitate to attack a review by Stanley Kauffmann (*TNR*, Feb. 15), ordinarily a reliable critic. The hesitancy is the more justified because I will not see the film—*Galileo*—until May, because of the distribution procedures of the American Film Theatre. Kauffmann is, however, criticizing a play as well as a film, and at these points he doesn't know what he is talking about.

He calls a "questionable custom" the omission of the play's final (printed) scene. The custom may be questionable, but Brecht, the author, initiated it. Kauffmann claims that, as a result, the film ends "with emphasis on the protagonist instead of on the theme." If that phrase means anything above the level of pompous verbiage, it is wrong. The final scene is omitted because it tends to weaken Brecht's theme in the post-1945 versions, in which versions Brecht had, as a matter of documentable fact, changed his opinion about his protagonist—and thus changed his theme.

Kauffmann's sentences about the "epic" nature of the play also betray ignorance of Brecht's severe, and intentional, modification of the "Epic Theater" doctrines laid down in the notes to *Mahagonny*, which have enslaved those with minimal knowledge about Brecht ever since. The principles remain; the dogma doesn't.

Finally it seems petty of Kauffmann to criticize the drama's last word, describing the night as having been changed from "bright" to "clear," the latter being a "weatherman's word." It is also an astronomer's word, rather ironic in that Galileo at that point is almost totally blind.

Hansford M. Epes, Jr.
Davidson, NC

In reply:

It's fairly well known that the Berliner Ensemble omits the last scene of *Galileo*. Brecht had numerous afterthoughts about his plays, not all of them admirable. For me, the matter of that final cut is very much open to question. Eric Bentley on the subject (introduction to *Galileo*, Grove, 1966): "It has become customary to cut the last scene, but this is because directors insist on believing that Galileo is the hero . . . In [Brecht's later version] the smuggling out of the new book [in the last scene] . . . is less of a triumph for Galileo, but it does take up the theme of *eppur si muove* and partially redeem it from the cynicism which, especially in this version, it must carry." Unpompous enough for Epes, I hope.

My one sentence on Epic Theater did not include everything on the subject, like the fact that Brecht eventually grew dissatisfied with the term and thought of changing it to Dialectical Theater. (A character's anger would be played with despair, his despair with anger, etc.) The fact remains, as Martin Esslin says (*Brecht*, Anchor, 1961), "He never succeeded in evoking the critical attitude he postulated. The audience stubbornly went on being moved to terror and to pity." Anyway Epes admits that Brecht's principles never changed, so what's his point?

Isn't "bright" even more ironic in the presence of a near-blind man? Even though the new Sauerlander-Manheim translation uses "clear," I think that "bright" is a better theater word at that point. The very last line of a play, which this one word is in this version, doesn't seem to me a petty matter.

Stanley Kauffmann

Comments on Novak

To the editors:

Michael Novak's review (*TNR*, Jan. 25) of Andrew Levison's *The Working-Class Majority* asserts that Levison makes "important contributions" in his first chapter, a chapter that also is described as "brilliant" and as a "a fascinating and shocking interpretation of census figures that have conventionally been taken at face value."

In fact, Levison's contributions in his first chapter are those of the popularizer, for this new material and insight comes from sociologist Richard Hamilton's *Class and Politics in the United States* (Wiley, 1972), a book Mr. Novak does not mention when he lists all the people who have tried to show us blue-collar reality.

Levison came to his understanding of Hamilton's work through a class at the University of Wisconsin with Hamilton's friend Maurice Zeitlin. (Levison's very great debt to Zeitlin's class, where I know Zeitlin stresses Hamilton's material, is made clear by Levison in his acknowledgements.) Moreover Levison

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cites Hamilton's book at key places in his first chapter, but not nearly enough.

I believe Levison has written a good book that says things clearly, but the detailed and painstaking research over several years by Richard Hamilton, from which the points in the first chapter arose, should not go unnoticed, as it has been by Levison reviewers to date.

G. William Domhoff
Santa Cruz, Calif.

To the editors:

About the Kansas City mini-convention, mentioned in Michael Novak's review of Andrew Levison's *Working-Class Majority*, it is a mistake to identify the hardhat position on internal party matters as the labor positon.

The cleavage within the labor movement is perhaps the most important factor in the shift of political alliances described by Wattenberg, Novak and others. Male chauvinists who receive high wages, and the staff members whom their high wages support, have substituted clout for appeals to justice and morality and been flattered when conservative business leaders treated economic power with respect.

The unions with substantial numbers of women and minorities are still with the high-minded professionals, whom they used to need as technicians and front men and still honor as fellow travelers. It was that group that triumphed in Kansas City. It is when the hardhats, seeking to strengthen new conservative connections, offer themselves as spokesmen for less affluent union members and their nonunion associates that the educated left stands abandoned by its former blue-collar allies.

It was the women and minorities among union members who produced the union majorities for Democratic presidential candidates. It is not surprising to learn that less than a majority of the college educated supported McGovern: college education is still a hallmark of the kind of privilege that displays a certain obtuseness where no immediate personal interest is involved. As the recession reaches higher into the middle class and wider into the ranks of organized labor, new community of interest will cause the old alliances to reform.

Margaret Carter
Fort Worth, Tex.

In reply:

Mr. Domhoff surprises me by his tone. In economics he is a populist. Why not in publications? The highest tribute Prof. Hamilton may ever receive is to have inspired a reader (and writer) like Levison. Such is the penalty—and joy—of academic writing. . . .

Ms. Carter is posing. It is not easy to become a "high-minded professional" without first passing through that "college education" which "is still a hallmark of the kind of privilege that displays a certain obtuseness where no immediate personal interest is involved." Yet I accept her main wish: a coalition between workers (male, female, minority, ethnic, majority) and intellectuals (ditto). I would be interested in proof that women and minorities among union members produced the progressive union majorities. On the face of it, the claim is not persuasive. The Slavic vote for McGovern was 53 percent. All women? The white Protestant vote for McGovern was 32 percent. All women? And please, Ms. Carter, "hardhat" is not a term of affection any more than "egghead" used to be.

Michael Novak

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

we're at flaws in this script, it contains a completely superfluous—obligatory?—scene of Redford in bed with a girl.) Edward Herrmann as his designer pal strikes exactly the right note of the American small-town mechanical genius, but Bo Svenson as a barnstorming rival is flavorless. On the other hand Bo Brundin as the German ace is quietly sweet and complex. (Query: Is this a first? The first American film with two actors named Bo?)

Hill tells his story adequately, without distinction; but though he pads the film with somewhat too much air action, it never quite gets off the ground.

Love at the Top (Peppercorn-Wormser). I went to see this French comedy-drama because Florinda Bolkan is in it and I was much impressed with her performance as a young prole wife in *A Brief Vacation* (*TNR*, March 8). Now I'm even more impressed. Here she plays a rich Italian woman of the world living in Paris, using lovers male and female imperiously, wearing stratospherically high-style clothes with enormous style. But the difference between this woman and the surly sick young wife is not clothes or hair or make-up, it's imagination, observation, address. See the difference in the ways she walks and picks up glasses. Bolkan seems to me an actress of some depth and consequence and, with sensible choices, could develop wonderfully.

The film itself is one of those puppet-and-master ideas. Jean-Pierre Cassel (we learn eventually) has been crippled in an accident, so gets his satisfactions by masterminding Jean-Louis Trintignant's amorous financial career. This script, too, is a mish-mash, with unprepared and unutilized disasters occurring in a philandering comedy. The director, Michel Deville, evidently thought it would be good to cast against type, Cassel as the saturnine one and Trintignant as the butterfly, but it doesn't work. Trintignant is simply not a light comedian. The picture would have been somewhat better the other way around. But Bolkan, particularly if you have seen *A Brief Vacation*, is stunning.

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